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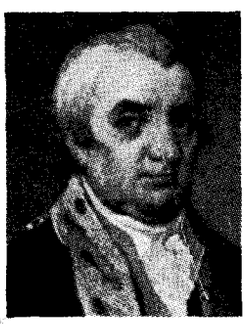
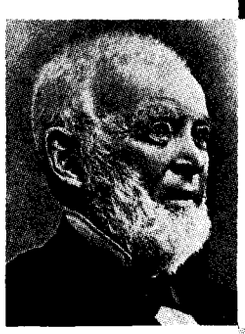
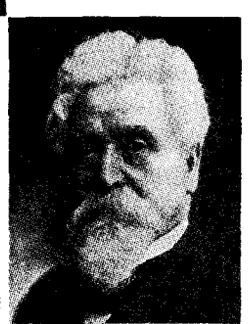
Peopling the American Past

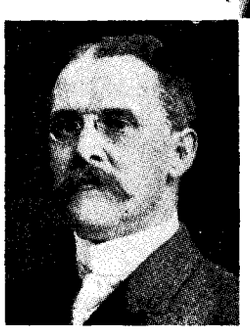
BY ALLAN NEVINS





Charles Pinckney (top, left), who thought he had written the Constitution; Adoniram Judson (top, right), the Christianizer of Burma; E. R. Squibb (left), whose difficulties as a ship's surgeon led him to become a drug manufacturer; Hiram Maxim (right), who went into explosives when the typewriter and fountain pen ruined his "penmanship" business; F. Hopkinson Smith (below, left), engineer and painter, who at 50 began a new career as novelist; Benjamin Ide Wheeler (below, right), who governed the University of California in "somewhat dictatorial fashion" until suspected of pro-German leanings during the World War.





A GREAT enterprise has been completed. "The Dictionary of American Biography," the twentieth volume of which has just appeared, may indeed be called the greatest of all American works of co-operative scholarship. Nearly a score of our principal learned societies joined hands to launch it. More than $650,000 was spent to produce it. The able editors-in-chief, first Allen Johnson and then Dumas Malone, enlisted the largest body of scholars and writers who ever contributed in this country to a single work. At the outset, before Adolph S. Ochs made the munificent gift which rendered the enterprise possible, the planning committee laid down a standard of quality; the volumes should be "kept as nearly as possible at the level maintained in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'" That high standard has been fully sustained. The English work, as carried out by Leslie Stephen, Sidney Lee, and others, has been equalled if not at some points surpassed by the new American compilation. These stout maroon volumes, containing 13,633 articles and aggregating eleven million words, are a monument in which the nation might well take more pride than in Boulder Dam or the Golden Gate Bridge.

For precisely what is this set? A valuable work of reference? As successive volumes have been placed upon library shelves, many people have probably thought of it as just that and nothing more. But now that it is finished we can begin to estimate its full significance. It is not merely a convenience, like a new encyclopedia. It is an assessment of what the American people have thus far accomplished in all fields of endeavor; the fullest assessment, despite its peculiar form, yet made. It comes nearer to being a master-key to the country's past than any other that we have. Representing a huge amount of spade-work in many ill-cultivated areas, it brings entire new aspects of American life out of obscurity. It renders possible, as never before, a social and cultural history of the nation. In the next twenty-five years, I venture to predict, it will exert a far-reaching influence; an influence upon the understanding and recording of the whole national past, and the analysis of our national character itself. In the end it should even be an influence on American life. It is as if a youth, aware that he possessed a certain number of ancestors who had accomplished creditable acts, were suddenly led into a crowded portrait gallery and given a complete history of great and varied feats wrought by his forebears.

The editors of this great Dictionary, quite obviously, have had to satisfy a number of requirements at various levels of importance. The most elementary are the requirements of the "general user": that is, of the editorial writer fumbling through its pages for the date of Whitney's cotton gin, the novelist looking up his "background" on Benedict Arnold, the doctor who wishes to quote something on Nathaniel Bowditch in a medical article, the clubwoman who has just heard for the first time of Phillis Wheatley. The chief demands made by such general and amateur users are two, comprehensiveness and accuracy. On the latter of these heads there is very little room for cavil. The work seems to be even more carefully accurate than its prototype the D.N.B. For this Allen Johnson's wise precaution in employing a group of expert researchers to check all manuscripts at the Library of Congress is no doubt chiefly responsible. A few slips, in a work so huge, will get through the meshes of any sieve. Even some typographical errors can be detected. As scholarship brings fresh information to light, certain statements and interpretations which would now seem correct to any expert will have to be changed. But the volume of "Errata" which will eventually have to be published will be slender compared with that issued by the editors of the British work.

As for comprehensiveness—that is, the scope of the Dictionary—there is more room for complaint. It is true that the 13,633 articles will satisfy all ordinary users. It is also true that the catholicity shown in the choice of names has been admirable. Mr. Johnson laid down the wise rule that the complexity of our modern age, with its dependence upon new arts and sciences, must be amply reflected in the Dictionary. The engineer, social scientist, technician, financier, and industrialist must take their places beside the divine, the politician, and the

Next Week

ELDER AND YOUNGER BROTHER
By ELLEN GLASGOW

THE ULTIMATE POWER
By MORRIS L. ERNST
Reviewed by Charles P. Curtis, Jr.

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author; perhaps a little above them. He laid down the still more courageous rule that anyone who has figured prominently in the social consciousness of America should be given verge and room. Professional baseball players like Christy Mathewson are recognized. Though Dred Scott and Nicola Sacco were not *per se* important persons, they are rightly included. The Indian Squanto, the Chinese editor Ng Poon Chew, the fighter John L. Sullivan, and the pirate Kidd are treated with dignity and sufficient detail.

Yet in my view the Dictionary might well have been somewhat fuller. In every volume some gaps exist which should have been filled. Leslie Stephen once wrote that the ideal biographical dictionary should be a "codification" of *all* previous collections of lives, even those for separate professions. That would be a hard rule to meet; and the present Dictionary omits many names to be found even in the *main* previous compilation, "Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography." Some of these names should, I think, have gone in. The original plan of the governing committee was to treat 15,000 persons, and in its present form the Dictionary falls short of that total by almost 1400 articles. Of course, no matter what bounds are set a large number of marginal names will be left for the editors to hesitate over. But some of the omissions in this set were assuredly not the result of such marginal exclusion, but of oversight. "Golden Rule" Jones of Toledo could not have been left out by design; nor John L. Cadwalader, the Assistant Secretary of State and leader of the New York bar; nor Frederick Hudson, the first historian of American journalism; nor the writer and agitator Francis J. Grund; nor the editor John J. Lalor. A considerable list of such men might be made. The editors would have done well, in imitation of "Appleton's Cyclopaedia," to see that important kinsmen were more often included in the sketch of a prominent person. Bluford Wilson, Solicitor of the Treasury under Grant and a leader in the fight against the Whiskey Ring, who is here omitted, might for example have been noticed in the article on his brother, General James Harrison Wilson. On the whole, the Dictionary would have been better had the 15,000 mark been reached. At present we can be *almost* certain of finding here every dead person who has really counted for much in American life. We cannot be certain.

And this brings us to the demands of the specialist as distinguished from the ordinary reader. The Dictionary will eventually have to pass muster with all those who take an expert interest in the various avenues of the American past—in art, science, education, business, and what not. It should possess qualities which will render it an instrument for all such experts in their biographical inquiries. This is the severest of tests. It is a test of the whole corps of aides that the Dictionary marshaled; and beyond that, a test of the very fountains of scholarship in America—of the materials assembled, the facilities available, for research in the various fields.

In general, the Dictionary meets the test triumphantly. It cannot be denied that it is uneven in quality; but this is simply because American scholarship is still uneven. Of course a marked variation in the ability with which different articles are written is to be expected. That is inevitable and need not detain us. Much more important are the evidences of a considerable variation between groups of articles. Some fields of past activity have been well explored in America, whereas others are still terra incognita, or malcognita. As we should expect, the articles on authors, religious leaders, soldiers, artists, and scientists are for the most part excellent. Materials on such men are abundant, accessible, and already fairly well interpreted. Where the Dictionary appears weakest is in its articles upon industrialists, financiers, city-builders, machine politicians, immigrant leaders, and technicians. For one reason, the systematic collection of material upon all aspects of business history has hardly yet begun in this country. For another reason, sensitiveness to changes in the standard of business morals has resulted in much systematic destruction of material relating to industrial and financial leaders. Anyone who has tried to ascertain some of the vital facts relating to Jay Gould, Collis P. Huntington, or H. H. Rogers, to the Weyerhaeusers or the Guggenheims, is aware of the perplexities of this field. So is anyone who has tried to learn certain essential facts about Matt Quay or Tom Platt. The groups which surround immigrant leaders and technicians are notoriously inarticulate. In these areas it can only be said that the editors of the Dictionary have done as well as they could, and better than most critics would have expected.

Blank & Stoller

DUMAS MALONE

Successor to Allen Johnson as Editor of the D. A. B.

In some special fields (as well as with a long list of scattered names), the Dictionary has broken fresh ground with notable success. Take, for example, art. Most of the flowering that American art has so far enjoyed came between the Civil War and World War. Many artists of eminence in that period died too recently to permit of the preparation of full-length biographies. Material on them has to be sought at the sources. In the very first volume of the Dictionary Frank Jewett Mather and Edwin H. Blashfield set a standard in the treatment of such artists that was never allowed to decline. Legal biography, likewise, was handed over to E. S. Corwin, Charles Warren, H. W. H. Knott, and others who went to the sources, including family materials as well as law reports and law reviews, and used them with balance and penetration. As a result a considerable number of jurists, including two Chief Justices of the United States, have received their first adequate appraisal in the Dictionary. The articles upon pioneers and other Western heroes by W. J. Ghent and Louise P. Kellogg have constituted another special group treated with distinction. Pitfalls surround anyone who would write upon such figures as "Broken Hand" Fitzpatrick, Jedediah Smith, John Colter the discoverer of Yellowstone Park, and many more down to Crook and Custer; and Mr. Ghent has distilled an immense amount of special research into his sketches. Sometimes the editors have been especially felicitous in assigning subjects to writers expert in the pertinent local history. Edward Larocque Tinker, for example, has dealt admirably with Lafcadio Hearn and other New Orleans figures, and Carey McWilliams with personages of the San Francisco area.

It is no paradox to say that the chief value of the Dictionary to specialists, and to history in general, lies in its treatment of minor as distinguished from major figures. Not that the latter are not usually well covered, and sometimes even brilliantly treated. One of the five longest essays, that on Benjamin Franklin by Carl Becker, is a particularly distinguished piece of interpretation—and of writing. Another of the five, J. G. Randall's paper on Lincoln, cuts swiftly through legend and controversy, and sums up the latest conclusions of scholarship in masterly fashion. Of the literary papers, those on Fenimore Cooper and Nathaniel Hawthorne by Carl Van Doren unite grace of style, expertness of scholarship, and justness of insight in an unusual degree. The same can be said of the studies of Saint-Gaudens and La Farge by Royal Cortissoz, both of which are made striking by their vivid presen-

(*Continued on page* 14)

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India Changes

LANCER AT LARGE. By Francis Yeats-Brown. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THE Lancer has returned from India with a very good book. It is almost immoderately informing. It is thoroughly entertaining. It is full of meaty commentary. And it combines expert thoroughness with attractive amateur nonchalance. I know no better guide for the beautiful, terrible, and superlatively comic world which is India than Major Yeats-Brown. First-rate powers of observation, sympathetic understanding, and a fine sense of the ironic have helped him to achieve what is pretty close to a masterpiece. This reviewer is impressed.

Since Pythagoras the word India has been loaded with imaginative ore for the Occident. The soldiers of Alexander, who chanted the oldest song in the world in the Hindu Kush passes, came back to Europe with yarns like those of more modern travelers. And we have been fascinated at all times by the same strange drama, the drama of a world of meditation exploited and conquered by a world of action—in vain. India has always specialized in high-grade conquerors who generally got nowhere. Alexander, Mahmoud of Ghazni, Timur, Babu, Albuquerque, Clive—through the wintry three-mile-high passes or over the summer ocean they came, put their mark momentarily on the land, yet left it in the same changeless contemplation of matters which their intemperate activity could not alter one jot. And the Occident still remains astonished and curious before religions exalted beyond Western comprehension or debased beneath Western endurance, before literature at least the equal of anything achieved by man's spirit, before art that carries the graceful or the obscene to the furthest limit, before science that was the mother of all mathematics, and before a special understanding of man's inner life that transcends all that Europe has known or thought in that connection.

Nevertheless there is something new under her vertical sun. The world of meditation has looked at length in bewilderment at the world of action. Thoughtful Hindus are troubled by our view of the world as we are troubled by theirs. They feel themselves in the grip of Kali Yuga, the new time (see Major Yeats-Brown's glossary), and they are not at all sure that this means improvement. Thousands of voices debate the question for every sect and caste and race in all the hundred and forty tongues of the peninsula, and in defiance of the laws of Manu "pish and tush" is said to many a Brahmin these days. In short India is in the state of uneasiness which precedes mighty workings.

Through an India thus troubled, an India profoundly different from the India of his previous book, Major Yeats-Brown has traveled far, wide, and wisely. From Peshawar to Cape Comorin, from Calcutta to Bombay, in the heat of Travancore or the cool shadow of the great Hills, he has talked with all manner of men. Gandhi, Sir Anand Sarup, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the Black Blanket Father, dervishes, harlots, Brahmins, Mahomedans, caste and outcast, out of every one of them he gets something. His friendly curiosity opens all doors without offence. And there is a gust of authenticity about his every report. Incidentally his commentary is delightful. I for one was amused by his observation on a story told him by Gandhi. Gandhi had been brutally attacked by a partisan. True to his tenets the Mahatma did not resist the blows and the assailant was immediately arrested by the police. Subsequently the criminal repented and apologized. "This," said Gandhi, "illustrates the efficacy of non-resistance." Yeats-Brown thinks that on the contrary it illustrates the usefulness of police. It seems to be a matter of emphasis.

But in some ways even more exciting than his pictures of changing India is the account of his private adventures with his gurus and his yogis. So much balderdash has been written about Hindu mysticism that it is a relief to encounter a thoroughly objective man who hunts facts and finds them. Yoga without the profit motive is a very different affair from the article that gets sold to "psychic" Park Avenue hostesses. There is little doubt that these strange practices have a factual basis in spite of Omnipotent Ooms and phoney mahatmas. The man with whom Yeats-Brown talked at Cape Comorin is certainly a magnificent creature. One would like to know him, as, for different reasons, one would like to know Erasmus or St. Thomas Aquinas. Men like that remarkable Swami have for centuries known and correlated phenomena which we have only begun to investigate, and it may well be, as Major Yeats-Brown says, that the twentieth century's great contribution to science will be the systematic study of such matters.

In short this is a remarkable and suggestive book. It has its lapses. But in the main it is full of interest and excitement. And every sort of compliment is due to a man who can take a newspaper assignment and produce a work full of poetry and insight. One closes it with regret, though happily aware that it always is possible to dip again into pages full of charm, vigor, and unpretentious wisdom.

FRONTIER TYPES IN SWAT. *From "Lancer at Large."*

Character Is Destiny

ROSE DEEPROSE. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IN this story Miss Kaye-Smith has returned from her studies in the complex psychology of the seventeenth century to the English South Country and the Hardyesque manner of her earlier novels. Rose is the daughter of a Kentish farmer; when we first see her, she is a warm-hearted, impulsive girl, and we watch her life deepen into womanhood through a series of complexities and tragedies, any one of which would have served a writer of less skill as the material for an entire book, and which are all linked together in a remorselessly logical sequence. For Rose is one of those characters whom the President of the Immortals chooses always to put in situations where, as in the ideal Aristotelian tragedy, their peculiar weakness is fatal. She has a deep capacity for tenderness, which, when we first see her, is concentrated upon her mother, and which leads her, as a schoolgirl, to a corresponding hardness against her father, a drunken ne'er-do-well. That tenderness remains with

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SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

her all her life, but, because it is literally a tenderness, like the tenderness of the quick of the nail, it always makes her bitter when it is hurt, as she was bitter toward her father; and it, and her impulsiveness, which seems at first the charming weakness of an immature girl, lead her to rush blindly by the nearest way out of situations that could only have been cured by patience and taking thought. So, in trying to protect her mother from her father, she causes her mother's death; and so, since she will offer no consolation to her father or herself, he tries to remake his home by making her best friend her stepmother; so she escapes into marriage with a man she does not love; so the triangles form and reform, always more hopelessly, in this singularly rich book.

At first it appears that the book might have been written to illustrate the popular idea "Character is destiny"; and in reading it with that in mind, one is bound to miss, not from the narrative, but in some indefinable way from the style, the pure rigor of Hardy. Such a train of tragic circumstances, we feel, can be convincing only if a writer can make us feel for the time, because he feels, that there is an ironic Fate to which we are as flies to wanton boys; and that ultimate conviction is lacking here. But as one reads on one perceives why. For Miss Kaye-Smith has found (it is not too much to suggest that she learned it in her study of the contorted but always religious mind of the seventeenth century) the true meaning of "*Character* is destiny"; and it is not "Character is predestined." Character is free-will; Rose Deeprose, like a mouse in a psychologist's maze, may bruise herself against many blind alleys, but she finds the way out at last. It is a fit ending to a fine and moving book.

Waging Neutrality

WHY WE WENT TO WAR. By Newton D. Baker. New York: Harper & Bros. 1936. $1.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND J. SONTAG

WHY we went to war has ceased to be a question to be settled by historians in the light of the evidence. Despite the fact that no two historical situations are ever even approximately identical, men hope, by avoiding the mistakes which took us into the First World War, to keep us out of the apparently impending Second World War. There is little agreement on the nature of the mistakes, but until recently those who argued that we got into the war through mistakes, or even conspiracies, had the field pretty much to themselves. The counter-attack is now on in full force. Mr. Newton D. Baker's book, a reprint of an article which appeared originally in *Foreign Affairs,* is a most effective addition to the counter-attack, not only because of the prestige of the author's name, but because of the persuasive charm and force with which he presents his argument.

Despite its brevity, the book is hard to evaluate. As a description of the impact of events on a distinguished participant who was representative of a large segment of educated American opinion, it is altogether admirable. Here, in colors undimmed by age, we see the war in Europe as a conflict between two views of life, one altogether good, one altogether vicious. Here we see America as a nation set apart by Providence for the task of bringing a healing peace to the world, a peace which would overthrow the German will to world conquest and bring to fruition the ideals for which the Allies, although half-blinded by the agony of war, were really contending. Finally, we see the determination of America to reserve her energies for the task of establishing a just peace thwarted by the decision of Germany's rulers to embark on the unrestricted submarine campaign.

Confronted with this challenge, America could make but one reply. Until January, 1917, America had faithfully fulfilled her duties as a neutral, and had firmly insisted on her rights as a neutral. Where American property rights had been illegally impaired, protests and claims for compensation had been made. Compensation for the loss of life was impossible. So long as they could believe that the taking of American lives was not a necessary result of German policy, Americans had been patient. Only when informed that the German government had indeed made unrestricted submarine warfare a part of their "military adventure," did Americans resolve on war. No other course was open to their government.

> No government which conceded that some other government might kill its citizens in response to some exigency of its own, with no more serious consequence than a postponed attempt to secure a money compensation, would be intrinsically respectable or able to hold the confidence of its own people.

Not economics, not the propaganda of domestic or foreign interests, explained either American neutrality or the decision for war, but ideals, emotions if you will. This was the settled conviction of Mr. Baker at the time, and it continues to be his conviction. Men writing today may not hold these ideals or feel these emotions, but he argues that if scholars are honest they must not do violence to the facts, and in fact the men of 1914-1917 had ideals and acted on emotions.

So far, one can only rejoice that this book was written. Too often, recent studies of the war period have been marred by the unconscious refusal of their authors to admit that the intellectual climate of those years ever really existed. Would that the works of all historians could be put under the scrutiny of men who had lived through, felt through, the events described! Unfortunately, however, Mr. Baker is not content with the role of witness, and insists that his is also an historical study based on a study of the sources. In preparing for his work, he deliberately refrained from consulting his own papers. Instead, he spent "practically all the leisure of the last year" examining the historical evidence which has been made available to students since the war. He asks that his book be accepted as a detached and informed historical explanation of why we went to war.

Judged as a historical work, the book can only be described as inadequate. The historian would think his task only begun when he had described the dominant view of life among educated Americans. That very description raises two questions: How did they get that way? and How representative were these people of the whole American people? Mr. Baker apparently failed to realize even the necessity of asking these questions around which so much fruitful American scholarship has centered. Again, it is the obvious task of the historian, after describing the policy to which statesmen adhered, as Mr. Baker does, to proceed to an analysis of the skill or incompetence shown in executing the policy, as Mr. Baker does not do. Judgment, not intention, is the test of statesmanship. Specifically, is there any connection between the way America "waged neutrality" and the decision of the German government to resort to unrestricted submarine war-

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fare? The German decision was based on the conviction that, during the period of about six months within which the submarine was expected to bring the war to a victorious conclusion, America would be no more dangerous as an enemy than as a neutral. The Germans were wrong in thinking the submarine would end the war within that period, but what is important for Americans is the conviction of German statesmen that during those months America would be no more dangerous as an enemy than she was as a neutral. The conviction rested on two bases, economic and military. Economically the refusal of the American government to insist on neutral rights had resulted in the practical suppression of American trade with the Central Powers. Since American farms and factories were already at the service of the Allies, and were unable to render any service to the Central Powers, the Germans saw no economic danger in American enmity. From the military and naval point of view, America had made little progress since she had threatened in 1915 to resort to war if unrestricted submarine warfare was not abandoned. Here, Mr. Baker as the Secretary of War from 1916, is one of the statesmen involved, and his testimony is instructive:

> The modesty of the War Department program, and the far greater modesty of the response of Congress to our request for appropriations, quite convincingly prove that neither the Administration nor the Congress intended that we should go into the war, nor believed it very likely that we would be compelled to do so.

Mr. Baker also emphasizes two cardinal teachings of history: "neutral nations can rely upon their neutral rights only to the extent that they have the power and the disposition to enforce them"; and, faced with the danger of losing a war, belligerents will sacrifice the rights of neutrals "even to the point of adding an ally to the enemy." In face of these teachings of history, Mr. Baker's refusal to insist on the military strength necessary to implement American threats of war is inexplicable. America had threatened war, but both by refusing to insist on the right to trade with Germany, and by refusing to create the military power necessary to back up her threat, had made it easy for the Germans to feel that war with America involved no losses or risks which would be felt during the months when the submarine was expected to secure a German victory.

The difficulty of forming a conclusion is obvious. Here is an eloquent and needed plea for understanding of a view of life; but here is also a work which claims to be, and is not, history.

Raymond J. Sontag is professor of history at Princeton University, where one of his courses deals with the history of European diplomacy since 1856. He is co-author, with Dana Carleton Munro, of a book on the Middle Ages.

The First French Emperor

ST. HELENA. By Octave Aubry. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1936. $5.

NAPOLEON'S NEMESIS. By Constantin de Grunwald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON

TWO new books have been added to the surprisingly large number of works, treating the first French Emperor, which have appeared during the past year. This apparent revivial of interest in the time of Napoleon is odd. If it took the form of a literature of protest against modern dictatorships it would be more easily explained. In most cases, however, the authors appear to be concerned with the personalities and not the practices of dictators.

Both these books relate familiar stories and, in most instances, the facts which they present are not new. And yet the books themselves are new and are decidedly worth reading; and all of that for a reason which G. M. Trevelyan exposed so delightfully in "Clio, the Muse," when he suggested that the history of the past would always have to be rewritten for succeeding generations. Lord Rosebery and Frederic Marson treated exhaustively the last phases of Napoleon; Seeley did the same thing for Baron Stein. Nevertheless it is very likely that the present generation will turn to the accounts of Aubry and Grunwald rather than to the earlier and more standard treatments simply because these gentlemen have written of their subject in terms which the modern generation can understand. It is fortunate, indeed, that both these books are scholarly and are based on documentary materials.

Octave Aubry has produced a very lively and very careful study which is far superior to his rather popular book on John Law. In fact, the preface to "St. Helena" contains a very sound critical essay on the sources relating to this last phase of Napoleon's career. Aubry believes that there was a real reason for a new treatment of Waterloo and what followed it. He could have followed in the traditions of Rosebery and Marson but both these gentlemen were biased. Furthermore, there were other sources to be consulted—the records at the Jamestown office and the ninety volumes of manuscripts belonging to Sir Hudson Lowe.

The treatment given "St. Helena" is novel. The author brings the tragedy that was there enacted into focus with Europe at that time. Napoleon is not the only figure; there are careful delineations of Gourgaud who is whitewashed, of the Bertrands (whose papers the author could not examine), and of Montholon. Mr. Aubry has accomplished his purpose and Napoleon's tragedy lives even now.

One turns from Napoleon's tragedy to Napoleon's Nemesis—Stein. Baron Stein has had his faithful and careful biographer—Seeley. But this life was written before the Germany of 1914 and on. Today, Stein has a new significance: Stein, the practician and Ficerte, the theorist, worked for the revival of a new Germany under Prussian leadership. They prepared Prussia for the war of vengeance against Napoleon and, in so doing, laid, in great part, the foundations for the ideology of modern Germany. The aims of Stein were much the same as the aims of the present regenerators of Germany but the spirit and practice of the earlier revivers were very different. Stein and his really great companions thought not of a Germany that would dominate the world but of a German people united, free, secure, prosperous, and happy. This book is an excellent study of the aspirations of the German people at the opening of the nineteenth century, of that "Spirit of 1813" which was canonized in Hindenburg's "political testament."

MEETING OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, KING OF PRUSSIA, AND CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AT LEIPZIG, 1813. *From "Napoleon's Nemesis."*

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

BERNARD DEVOTO.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS....Managing Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

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The Library Crisis

THE editor has been studying a mass of publications by the American Library Association and allied organizations. Some of the material makes hard going for it can be cast only in the form of maps and graphs, and these have to be analyzed, compared, and pondered over before their significance becomes apparent. Difficult as this material is, the Association would be shrewd to extend and enlarge it. Other maps should be prepared and correlated with the ones that show the distribution of public libraries, the bulk and per capita expenditures for them, the rate of library loans, and the nature and extent of accessory services. It would be good publicity to add to them maps of the public school system, the distribution of illiteracy, crimes against persons and property, slums and deficiency diseases, public debt and vital statistics. The social foundations would abruptly become interested in the library crisis, the next encyclopedic survey of the social sciences would contain some arresting composites, and the libraries might find their going a good deal easier. For there is no better way of dramatizing the vital part that public libraries play in the workings of democracy.

"The Equal Chance"

The simplest and most graphic of the publications alluded to is "The Equal Chance," a pamphlet issued by the Association at its headquarters in Chicago. What it shows is always interesting, frequently startling, and sometimes alarming. About one-third of the population of the United States has adequate library facilities within reach, one-third has some library service available, and one-third has none at all. In North Dakota, Arkansas, and West Virginia over eighty percent of the population is without public library service; in Idaho, New Mexico, South Dakota, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, Kentucky, and Virginia the percentage is between sixty and eighty; the only states where it is less than twenty are Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Ohio, California, and—surprisingly—Wyoming. The highest percentage, eighty-eight, is in West Virginia, the lowest in Massachusetts and Delaware, where every inhabitant can obtain library service if he wants it.

Only fifteen states have as many volumes in public libraries as they have inhabitants; the ratios range from New Hampshire with 3.57 to Mississippi with .1. Mississippi is also at the bottom in yearly circulation per capita with .36 volumes, California at the top with 9.14. Mississippi spends two cents a year per capita on its public libraries, Massachusetts $1.08. Only nine states spend as much as fifty cents, twenty-three spend less than a quarter, ten spend less than a dime. A number of surprising discrepancies appear. New Hampshire and Vermont, which are first and second in number of volumes per capita, are respectively third and ninth in per capita circulation but sixth and sixteenth in per capita expenditure. The variation is probably due to the number of libraries in both states originally founded by bequest, but how explain Wyoming? One of the largest and least populated states, it is only eleventh in per capita expenditure but is ninth in per capita volumes and actually fourth in per capita circulation. There must be a highly efficient library system in Wyoming—and in Oregon, Washington, and California.

The Most Literate State

Or break the figures down another way. In New Hampshire there are only 1,744 people who cannot get books from a library if they want to. In Pennsylvania there are 4,356,522, and in Texas over three and three-quarter million, in Georgia over two million, in Illinois just less than two million, and in sixteen other states over a million each. One of these sixteen is Iowa, the most literate state. In Kansas, another conspicuously literate state, just four thousand less than a million people are without library service. The conspicuously successful libraries of Oregon still fail to reach 284,176 people, those of California 108,907, those of Washington 634,653.

At best, with only one-third of the population adequately supplied with libraries, the situation was never one to justify pride or even comfort. But the last eight years have made it alarmingly worse. Library appropriations were among the first to be curtailed. Services had to be cut down at the very time when the need for them enormously increased; librarians, viciously underpaid already, had to accept reductions in pay; the public, no longer able to buy books for itself, found that the libraries had to cut down their buying at a time when they ought to have been able to increase it. The great Chicago Public Library, for instance, bought no new books at all for a long period, and though few libraries were forced to that extremity, practically none of them could maintain the normal rate of replacement and increase. All over the country both the stock and the condition of library books declined.

In general the libraries are now better off than they were four or five years ago; but in general also they are forced to face the future with permanently impaired budgets. If the acute crisis is over, what might almost be called a chronic crisis has succeeded it. Many communities can no longer afford the appropriations of ten years ago; many that could afford them are prevented by law from making them. In general libraries are supported by a local tax on real estate, and to reduce the burden on real estate many states have not only reduced assessment values but have set a statutory limit on the tax rate. The states are reorganizing their tax systems on a state-wide basis and deriving more and more of their income from such sources as taxes on sales and on incomes. The taxing power of the local unit is being reduced and—whatever the benefit to the community and the taxpayer—the libraries are being left out.

State Funds for Libraries

The American Library Association holds that the library system must also be organized on a state-wide basis and must be supported by state funds. No one who investigates the subject can doubt that both contentions are sound. However flourishing metropolitan libraries may be and however readily they may be supported from metropolitan funds, it is only by state effort that the smaller libraries can be adequately supported and library services extended to the vast village and rural populations that are now without them. It is probable that in the poorest and least adequately served state even such action will not suffice and appeal must eventually be made to the national government. The key to the present crisis, however, is state organization and state aid.

Every citizen has a direct interest in this threat to democratic institutions and the proposed cure for it. In particular every subscriber to *The Saturday Review* has such an interest. The editor urges his readers to investigate the present crisis and to see for themselves how it affects their communities. Your library will be glad to give you any of the pamphlets the editor has been reading—do democracy the service of studying them. While you are at it, why not take the trouble to find out more about the services your library has been rendering to your community, and what its problems are? The crisis will appall you—which will be very good for all of us—but you will also be heartened to discover how loyally and how effectively the libraries have been serving the democratic idea under the handicap of poverty.

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Letters to the Editor: *Two Correspondents on Reading for Pleasure*

Sense of Timelessness

SIR:—Your "Reading for Pleasure" was rare comfort to one who had been skulking timorously past tremendous Christmas counters of "Gone With the Wind" because she obstinately hugged Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal under her arm. That, a three-volume complete edition of Pepys that is conveniently small, Walt Whitman (with C. Morley's "The 1855 Preface"), and Boswell's Life of Johnson have long "pleased and heartened," and "have given a sense of timelessness."

The Whitman is a bargain that a stylish friend found on an odds-and-ends table and insisted on sending me. "A beautiful book for the money, my dear," she wrote, so now I sit of an evening with feet well braced, that knees may support a tome almost as large as Webster's Unabridged, with type that a child of three would admire. But then, the friend would rather be caught dead than carrying a book. She uses them between book-ends in the living-room.

The Johnson is a satisfying small blue Oxford book, two volumes in one, thin paper, with yellowed pages and cover more than a bit worn from travel and constant use, but very sturdy in the spine. It was purchased the day Professor Leonard Bacon told us (in English 52A?) that it was the one book he would take with him if he were shipwrecked. He was starting us off on a course called "Johnson and His Circle"; as a result, I have lived with Johnson and his circle ever since.

One can't afford to skip even an ampersand in the *S. R. L.* Anyone who does misses D. Wordsworth, for instance. She was hiding modestly behind a Trade Wind or something a long time ago, but consented, upon discovery, to become one of the most important members of the family.

KATE CARSON.

San Francisco, Cal.

Poetry for Pleasure

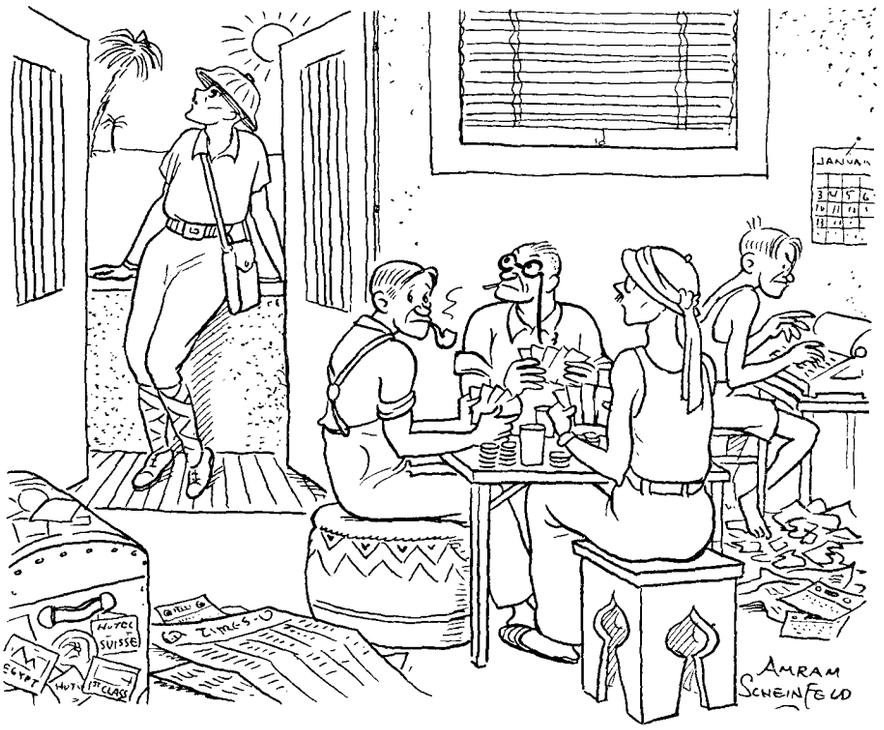
SIR:—In marking and inwardly digesting your delightful editorial on "Reading for Pleasure" I was particularly interested in your remarks on modern poetry. You say "it is written to be read by mathematicians, and enjoyed by no one, and understood only by Horace Gregory." And, further on, "they," the readers, "return the vulgarity of a liking for Keats whom even a child can understand."

For Keats may we not substitute all great poets, from Homer through the ages? Horace is clear, and so are Shakespeare and Milton. Goethe, Heine, and Victor Hugo are easy to understand, so are Camoens, Manrique, and the authors of the Spanish ballads. Pushkin and Lermontov present no difficulties in their poems, which are often compared to the music of Mozart. Dante is sometimes obscure, even to Italians, and Donne and Blake are difficult; but the music of their verse is always a delight and makes up for the lack of communication.

Take some of the well known poets of our own day: Yeats, Masefield, Walter de la Mare, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Robert Frost, and Stephen Vincent Benét. Perhaps a child could not fully understand them, but the content of their verse is usually crystal clear. It is true for the most part, I think, that the obscure poetry of all ages has gone and will continue to go into the discard. And for the best of reasons: it has not the power to survive.

MARY GRAY.

Hartford, Conn.



"HARNLEIGH'S BEEN ACTING QUEER LATELY. I THINK ONE OF THOSE DURANTY-SHEEAN-FARSON THINGS IS COMING ON HIM."

New Yorker's Idea

SIR:—Mr. Wallingford's delightful map, "A New Yorker's Idea of the United States of America," reminds me of an incident which occurred at a tea in New York. The guest of honor was a lady who lived in the West. When an all-time New Yorker was chatting with her and asked where her home was, she replied that she lived in Iowa. "Ah, indeed!" said Mrs. Knickerbocker, "Here in the East we call it Ohio."

JESSIE B. WALKER.

Bronxville, N. Y.

Montana's Magazine

SIR:—I have never lived in Montana, and hence have no information regarding the reading habits of its inhabitants. But Robert Davee casts an undeserved slur on an excellent publication when he writes sneeringly: "A 'little' magazine is published in the state, but is very little read, perhaps deservedly."

Obviously he is referring, since there is no other, to *Frontier and Midland*, edited by Dr. H. G. Merriam, professor of English at the University of Montana. If this magazine is "very little read," this is only another indictment of the Montanans; for it maintains a high literary standard and does not at all deserve neglect. The magazine is watched closely by scouts for the O'Brien and O. Henry annual volumes. In a number of the latter, which I happen to have on hand, I find two stories from *Frontier and Midland*—one of them by Vardis Fisher.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Cal.

Long Books, Short Letters

SIR:—In a recent number of the *S. R. L.*, you set forth the requisites for letters to the editor, and the chief requisite seemed to be brevity. In this view, you oppose yourself to the manifest spirit of the ego.

Mr. Nevins gives us 932 pages on Hamilton Fish. But who was Hamilton Fish? . . . There is a recent book on "Rubber," running to 533 octavo pages. The undersigned took one look, and closed the volume. He has no hope of attaining to the days of the years of Methuselah.

There are 1224 pages in "Anthony Adverse." It is true that no one has yet been found who will make affidavit that he has read them all. But there has scarcely been a more popular novel, unless it be "Gone With the Wind," which has 1037 pages. Brevity is not the soul of the *Zeitgeist*, which is nothing if not longwinded.

And so, Mr. Editor, you should not publish any letter, unless it runs to at least ten pages.

L. M. B.

New York City.

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Literature for Art's Sake

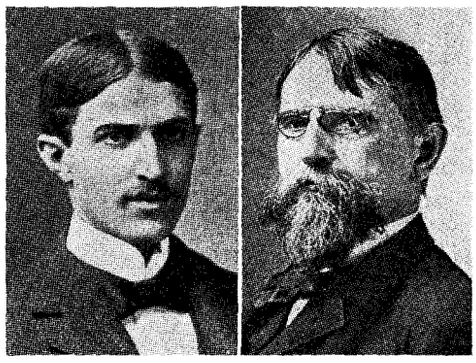
ART FOR ART'S SAKE. By Albert Guérard. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 1936. $3.

ART AND SOCIETY. By George V. Plekhanov. New York: Critics Group. 1936. $1.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

LITERATURE being the expression of the human spirit, it is as varied and contradictory as life itself, and the literary historian soon learns to expect unpredictability as one of its chief characteristics. Literature being furthermore the production of queer persons, either men of talent or men of genius, its complexities are increased by the highly personalized elements poured into literature, which, though it sometimes vaguely reveals society, reveals also the eccentricities, poses, experiments, private moods, successes, and misfortunes of its authors—unless, as sometimes happens, it conceals them. Most authors also read; and in the works of any literary period the influence of the total literary past is as potent as the social present. Moreover, what men write comes out of a changing outlook as youth passes into maturity and maturity into age, so that even if the philosophy of a writer remains stable (it rarely does), the expression of that philosophy at one period of a writer's career may differ widely from that of another. Literature is not only art but also entertainment; it is not only entertainment, but also a commercial product; and differences of style, of theme, of form sometimes occur (or are prevented) because of a desire for novelty, the lack of an audience to buy the book, the influence of illustration, new methods of printing, the rise of other forms of entertainment, or even so simple a change as that from candles to the electric light, that from rag to pulp paper, or that from the stage coach to the modern railroad train. Literature may also be a form of nationalism or of cosmopolitanism—contrast the status in Europe of Latin literature with that of contemporary German writing—and is therefore subject to international attractions and repulsions. Finally, the author may never reach the audience he has in mind, but may discover an audience of whose existence he was unaware; and under any circumstances he rarely addresses himself to the whole of society. Born to a particular class, he may rebel against its standards or he may affirm them; he may belong to one social group and address another; or he may sink or rise to an alien group and from that vantage point retort upon the group of which he was originally a member.

These are some of the elements which make literary history one of the most difficult fields of investigation even by experts, and Mr. Guérard's book illustrates, if somewhat superficially, the complicated nature of the game. Wisely declining to define either art or society, he traces the history of the art for art's sake theory across the ages, concluding with a discussion of the three levels of art: functionalism, the joy of living, and the despairing quest—that is to say, the eternal flight of the artist from the beauty he has taught the philistine to see, in search of a newer and more radiant, or at any rate, an undiscovered perfection. He shows that art for art's sake is not a creed but an elusive tendency, pointing out, among other things, that in the nineteenth century disciples of art for art's sake were in revolt as much against the claims of science as they were against the claims of philistinism, but that in other aspects it was a revolt against earnestness in art. His pages are a little tarnished by a tendency to make wisecracks, but his book is sound because it envisages the infinite complexity of the relations of the artist to society.



"Stephen Crane, who had not seen a battle, produced 'The Red Badge of Courage,' and Lew Wallace, who served in two wars, wrote 'Ben Hur.'"

At the risk of being pretentious let us assemble a dozen examples of the refusal of literary history to submit itself to simple and workable formulæ. For instance, the thirteenth century produced Dante, the supreme embodiment of the medieval Christian system, just as it produced Thomas Aquinas, the master theologian; but in the same century an anonymous poet was hymning paganism in Latin verse as if Christianity had never existed:

> Humana ante oculos foede nun jacet
> In terris oppressa gravi sub religione.

The Elizabethan age is a period of English nationalism, characteristically expressed in a detestation of the Spaniard and the Italian; but the chief storehouse from which its dramatic poets drew their plays was Italian literature, and none of the great Shakespearian tragedies is laid in England. In the eighteenth century, just as Fielding had constructed a neat theory of the novel in accordance with neo-classic esthetics, the wild anarchy of "Tristram Shandy," appearing for no ascertainable reason, laughed the theory into shreds. The Goethe of "Goetz von Berlichingen" is contradicted at every point by the Goethe of the second part of "Faust"; the Gautier of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," who despised journalists, is scarcely recognizable as the man who spent decades as a journalist and who wrote "Le Capitaine Fracasse" in 1863, which rivals Dumas. Is the true Oscar Wilde to be found in "Intentions," which proclaims that art is artifice, in "Dorian Gray," which is a moral lesson in the deleterious effects of artifice, or in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," which is a powerful social plea? Stephen Crane, who had not seen a battle, produced "The Red Badge of Courage," and Lew Wallace, who served in two wars, wrote "Ben Hur"—which book better mirrors warfare, and what is the precise relation of each novel to the society which brought it forth? Such are the contradictions of literary history.

To the Marxian, however, all things are clear. For him the relation between literature and society is relatively direct, and if it is pointed out that such is not the true nature of the case, he takes refuge in "unconscious expression" or "unconscious influence." But of course all argument fails in the realms of the unconscious, since in that gray region anything can be turned into anything else.

Plekhanov's "Art and Society" is an excellent example of the fallacy of oversimplification. This book also examines the theory of art for art's sake and flatly states that a tendency toward this theory arises when discord exists between the artist and his social environment. Examining romanticism, Plekhanov remarks (in italics) that "if the art of the romanticists gained much through their rebellion against the 'bourgeois,' it also lost much through the superficial nature of this rebellion." But Sir Walter Scott, admired by romanticists throughout Europe, never rebelled against his environment, and it would be difficult to prove that the defects of his art are due to any special social condition, for the faults and virtues of "Waverley," which he wrote for amusement, are the faults and virtues of "Rob Roy," which he wrote (among other reasons) to satisfy the profit motive of himself and his publishers.

The treatise particularizes the romantic hero as an instance of artistic weakness due to the failure of the romantics sufficiently to "rebel against bourgeois society." This it is, says Plekhanov, which "gave the heroes of the romanticists that stilted and artificial air which led ultimately to the downfall of the romantic school." That the heroes of the romantic school seemed stilted and artificial to

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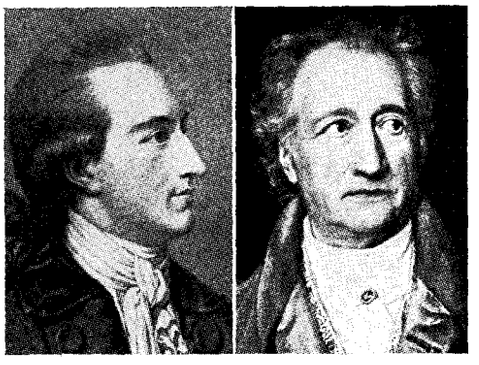
Plekhanov is clear; that they seem stilted and artificial to our contemporaries is also clear; but that they seemed stilted and artificial to the audience for whom they were created and who accepted them as striking examples of human nature is clearly not true. The conduct of the knights in Malory also seemed stilted and artificial to Mark Twain, but though the risiblity which they aroused took form in the slashing social satire of "A Connecticut Yankee," Mark Twain is nonetheless to be convicted of that same want of historical sympathy which he displayed in his judgments on Oliver Goldsmith and Jane Austen. Malory's knights did not seem stilted and artificial to Twain's great contemporary Tennyson, though doubtless Tennyson's knights seem stilted and artificial to admirers of E. A. Robinson's magnificent "Tristram." The central question is clearly: stilted and artificial to whom and under what circumstances and for what purposes? The literary historian tries to answer these questions; the Marxian critic tends to assume what he must first prove.

What is the genealogy of these stilted and artificial romantic heroes? The literary historian sees the type originating in Milton's Lucifer, in whom the poet intended to condemn rebellion; he sees it developing in Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," in the villain-heroes of Mrs. Radcliffe, in the wicked sultan of Beckford's "Vathek"—books written without any thought of rebelling against the bourgeois social order; he sees the romanticists recurring to Shakespeare and to Elizabethan tragedy because in these works they found human nature freely and truly presented; he sees the influence of Schiller, who accepted the bourgeois social order, and of Goethe, who was a thorough aristocrat; he sees the chief creators of the romantic hero—Byron, Lamartine, Chateaubriand—in exile or opposition because dominant aristocratic groups would have nothing to do with men suspected of liberal—that is, in Marxian phrase, bourgeois—tendencies; he sees the romantic hero descending to the shop girl and the sailor in the novels of Bulwer-Lytton and Marie Corelli; and he sees the romantic hero taking on a new lease of life—social rebellion, egotism, Promethean defiance, and all—in the writings of a tired post-war generation. Literary history, in sum, presents us with a complex story of literary convention and revolt, fashion and boredom; it simply and firmly denies the tacit assumption of the Marxian hypothesis as represented in Plekhanov's judgment, which is that the character-painting of the romanticists would necessarily have been improved if they had been better sociologists—that is to say, Marxians.



"The Goethe of 'Goetz von Berlichingen' is contradicted at every point by the Goethe of the second part of 'Faust'" . . .

"When a talented artist is inspired by a fallacious idea, his work is marred," writes Plekhanov, and the next sentence is: "The modern artist will not find inspiration in a sound idea if he seeks to defend the bourgeoisie in its struggle against the proletariat." Again one finds the Marxians assuming what they must first prove. It is nowhere clear what is meant by a "fallacious idea," but I suppose this means an idea which, once accepted by the artist, is later found not to be true. The explorations of Admiral Byrd have shown that there is no mountain at the South Pole guarded by angels, but the "Purgatorio" of Dante—is his work marred by the fallacies in his geography? We no longer believe in the divine right of kings, but is the great speech on degree in "Troilus and Cressida" the less magnificent or imaginative? Science has antiquated Milton's universe; is "Paradise Lost" the less epic? Zola's sociology, like his biology, is naive; does this deeply affect "L'Assomoir" as a study in human degradation? Is Upton Sinclair a great prose artist because his sympathies in the social struggle are on the right side, and is Edmund Burke an inferior prose artist because his sympathies were on the wrong side? Is MacLeish's "Conquistador" "marred" because, as the Marxians tell us, "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's Centre" was unsympathetic to Union Square? I suppose the bourgeoisie won out in the Civil War; if the Confederates had conquered, I suppose likewise that their victory would have been the triumph of an aristocratic order—but what has all this to do with "John Brown's Body"? Doubtless I shall be told that I do not "understand" Plekhanov or the American Marxian critics—but how shall we comprehend these sweeping generalizations unless we take words in their plain meanings and bring them to the test of fact?

If, as Mr. Granville Hicks assures us in the introduction, "the cry of art for art's sake was a great hoax on the bourgeoisie," I can only reply that the doctrine that sound ideas for artists are found only on the proletarian side of the fence is a great hoax on the artists.

Irish Nationalist

PARNELL, A BIOGRAPHY. By Joan Haslip. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1937. $3.

PARNELL'S achievement and failure are alike easy to state. Within the space of fifteen years, from 1875 to 1890, he gave Irishmen a sense of national unity and national pride such as they had never known before, and he forced unwilling, contemptuous England to recognize the necessity of placating Irish nationalism. Probably his uncommon ability to hate intensely but coldly was the chief explanation of his success; his failure resulted from the fact that his love for Kitty O'Shea was common in more ways than one. Captain O'Shea's petition for divorce made Parnell appear both immoral and ridiculous. To seem either was serious; to seem both was fatal. Ireland and England are still paying for his indiscretion.

PARNELL

The story is easy to summarize, but hard to tell in detail. The political background is large and complex, including not only the politics of Ireland and Great Britain, but reaching out to the activities of emigrants in the United States and even in Australia. Parnell so successfully surrounded himself with mystery that much about him is still obscure. And how much importance should be given to the unlovely O'Sheas before the final catastrophe?

Like most modern biographers, Miss Haslip is primarily interested in what used to be called the private lives of her characters. The result is that the Irish and English political background is a confused and confusing blur of figures who are judged solely by their loyalty or disloyalty to Parnell. Since most of these men ultimately turned against Parnell, they come off badly. It is an error to judge Irishmen like Michael Davitt by this yardstick alone; it is silly so to measure the stature of statesmen like Salisbury and Gladstone. On the other hand, the O'Sheas, and more particularly Captain Willie, loom up all too clearly, frequently overshadowing the hero himself. As for Parnell, Miss Haslip somehow succeeds in changing this philandering Calvin into a nineteenth century St. Francis. In short, this book may be recommended to those interested in Willie and Kitty O'Shea; it has little to offer to those interested either in the making of the Irish nation or in one of the greatest and most tragic Irish heroes.

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Mantraps of the FBI

AMERICAN AGENT. By Melvin Purvis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

THIS is an excellent book for admirers of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's system of man-trapping, and for a particular reason. It takes the spotlight off the super-detective glamor of Director J. Edgar Hoover and shows that the basis of the FBI's success is pooled practical intelligence wedded to teamwork. Criminals are not caught because Mr. Hoover calls "rats" at them at each upsurge of the crime wave, or sits in an ornate office in the Department of Justice building devising mystical strategies. They are caught because he has trained a force of carefully picked young men to compare notes when they go out on a job, and to use infinite pains.

Mr. Purvis, who was responsible for the capture of John Dillinger, tells how the system works in what is really a series of vivified case reports. There was the matter of the wallpaper in the Bremer kidnapping case, for instance. Brewer Bremer—an ideal "kidnapee," from the FBI viewpoint, because he remembered things—sketched a rough design of the paper in the room where he had been confined for several days after his capture. The FBI agents traced it through 60,000 designs put out by American wallpaper manufacturers until they found it—an abandoned pattern of distinctive quality and rare because of its age. Thereafter, each agent on the case had a specimen of the wallpaper in his hands to help in the search for the Bremer hide-out.

Actually, it was a gasoline can thrown out of the kidnap car with Doc Baker's fingerprint on it which led to the solution of the Bremer mystery. But the wallpaper clew had been followed to the final end of certainty just the same. For that matter, the FBI also knew long before the chase was over where the kidnappers had got black eye-goggles for their prisoner, and the flashlight and red lens they had used in signalling operations. The physical evidence was complete.

Throughout his story, Mr. Purvis keeps this emphasis on painstaking and hard work. When you are on a hot trail, you can't quit and think about the hours you owe your government, he repeats over and over again. These man-catching jobs are projects and if you happen to be alone on your project, it is your bad luck. Plainly, too, the finding of a fingerprint or a flight-discarded motorcar gadget of runaway criminals excites an FBI man a good deal more than a gunfight. Mr. Purvis describes a few gunfights—especially the one at Little Bohemia, Wisconsin, in the spring of 1934 when all the luck went wrong and the Dillinger gang got away—with conscientious sprightliness but hardly with gusto. Pretty obviously, he feels that failing to take his quarry by stealth and without fracas is something of a flaw on a real man-trapper's professional record.

Wide World

AMERICAN AGENT
Using a Thompson submachine gun and tracer bullets.

Plainly, too, the FBI loves a civilian who has a knack for helping him in his detective labors. Here, for instance, is his advice to a kidnap victim. He

> should engage his guards in conversation if possible. Later on he may be able to identify them by their voices. . . . He should leave his fingerprints everywhere possible in the place of incarceration, on the smooth surfaces of chairs and tables, on dishes, water glasses and mirrors.
>
> In the Federal Bureau of Investigation, . . . we ask the victim if he heard chickens crowing, dogs barking, church bells ringing, whistles blowing, children going to and from school. Did he smell any unusual odors—coal smoke, fresh asphalt, flowers in bloom, hay fields, garlic? . . .

Mr. Purvis, as all this may indicate, is no fiery adventure writer. But for a quick, if not too profound, view of how a great modern crime detection agency works, it would be hard to find a more common sense piece of writing.

A Curious Life History

THOMAS DE QUINCEY: His Life and Work. By Edward Sackville West. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1936. $4.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, after nearly half a century of neglect, is again coming into his own. Mr. Sackville West's biography is the third one to be published on De Quincey during the past two years. While it cannot compare with Professor H. A. Eaton's recently issued definitive work for completeness and original research, it does offer a sympathetic portrait of De Quincey that is written with a great deal of understanding for the strange and elusive character of the English Opium-Eater. And it attempts what Professor Eaton did not undertake to do—to give the reader a modern critical appraisal of the large body of De Quincey's work.

This is something that has been greatly needed. Our whole attitude toward the writing of prose has changed considerably since the nineteenth century when De Quincey was last subjected to any thorough critical evaluation. That so much of his work comes through as having permanent value is a testimony to the innate literary ability of the sorely troubled and chronically ill little man who wrote desperately against time in order to keep his family in food and himself out of the debtor's jail. Mr. Sackville West has perhaps been kinder than most critics would be. He devotes space to the examination of much work that can hardly have even a slight claim to permanence, but the completeness of his survey is useful, since it helps us to understand the extraordinary range of De Quincey's restless mind that sometimes wandered into fields where it was not really at home.

As a biographer, Mr. Sackville West has sought to interpret the complex character of his subject. He rightly places great emphasis on the childhood years that had such a profound influence in molding De Quincey's life. He presents with much skill the introspective passages from De Quincey's writings that reveal the inner working of his highly involuted mind. Sometimes, though, he strains to produce internal evidence from the writings in order to prove something that could really be cleared up only by the discovery of new and external material. A notable case in point is the "forty-guinea letter." It has been a mystery for many years why De Quincey, after fleeing from the Manchester Grammar School to travel in Wales and London, suddenly cut himself off from his mother and his guardians so that a reconciliation (which was never explained) had to be effected. Mr. Sackville West attempts to clear up the whole matter by blaming it on De Quincey's retention of a bank-draft for forty guineas which had been sent to a French refugee of the same name. It is true that the mystery needs clarification, but the author is unable to bring forward any definite proof or any newly discovered facts. In the furtive and psychologically complex life of a man like De Quincey many lacunæ and unexplained incidents inevitably remain. It would be easy, by using Mr. Sackville West's method, to make even more sensational but speculative disclosures, but lacking any positive evidence, it would be manifestly unjust to do so.

With this exception, the book is eminently fair, and the author has brought to the curious life history of the Opium-Eater the insight and comprehension needed to present one of the least understood figures in English literature.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

"Purely Original"

I SAID this was going to be a good winter for reading poetry, but I hardly expected to begin the New Year with J. Gordon Coogler. The Duke University Library kindly lent me its precious copy of *Purely Original Verse* (Columbia, S. C., 1897) and as I promised to return it promptly I began studying it at once. Perhaps, since this famous little tin treasury is now 40 years old, a modest anniversary should be celebrated. Mr. Coogler is best known for his famous lament—

Alas for the South, her books have grown fewer
She was never much given to literature—

but this is by no means his only jewel.

There was only one disappointment in seeing Coogler's book again after all these years. Tradition and hearsay, which gradually mould really bad poems into their final perfection of bathos, have long misquoted one of the bard's stanzas. It was a shock to me to find that the really superb couplet always ascribed to him (by envious Yankees):—

My feet are so tired, they must have rest:
I'll pillow them on a maiden's breast

was never actually written. No, this was only somebody's mischief; what Coogler said was:—

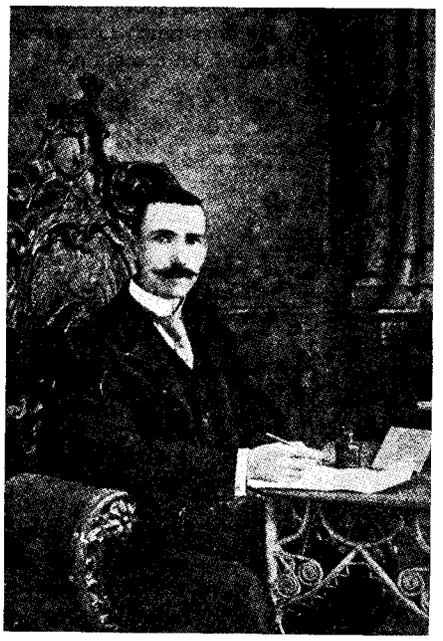
How sweet when our lonely soul grows weary,
And our tired feet need rest,
To recline 'neath the shade of the willow tree,
Pillow'd on a maiden's breast.

As a matter of fact anything that might seem like disrespect to the Sex was usually unnatural to Coogler's muse. As long as they conducted themselves as Southern gentlewomen, and particularly if fragile in constitution, nothing could excel the lugubrious lushness of his homage. (I can't help wondering if some epidemic, or imperfect drainage, may not have afflicted Columbia in the 90's; so extraordinarily many of the young women of his poems seem to have died rathe. In this necrology of ill health we do not include the one who "came to her death by being run over by an electric car.")

The student of Coogler sometimes wonders whether the poet did not almost prefer these nymphs to perish, and so become a dulcet theme for recollection, than to pass into the innocent vanities of womanhood. How prompt, nay how tart, he is to rebuke the first symptoms of folly. *More Care for the Neck Than the Intellect* must have cost the idolater of beauty a pang, but he was conscientious in reproach:—

Fair lady, on that snowy neck and half-clad bosom
Which you so publicly reveal to man,
There's not a single outward stain or speck;
Would that you had given but half the care
To the training of your intellect and heart
As you have given to that spotless neck.

When the moiety of exposure decreases to a more modest one-third he is correspondingly less bitter, and speaks (with more subtle disapproval) of the ballroom dancer



J. GORDON COOGLER

Two-thirds clad in garments rich and fair.

But he is not uncharitable. He knows their frailty. He knows what they're up against—

Alas! poor woman, with eyes of sparkling fire,
Thy heart is often won by mankind's gay attire;
So weak thou art, so very weak at best,
Thou canst not look beyond a satin-lined vest.

He broods, not unkindly, on the lady who said to him "I am now on the verge of womanhood; eighteen summers' old; but oh, how unsteady I stand!" Surely it was this periculous wabbler he had in mind when writing:—

There's a tide in the affairs of woman
Which if taken at the eddy,
Would make her life steady,
And give her time to get ready.

There was never any doubt of Coogler's allergy to feminine charm, though his expression of it may sometimes have startled his lady friends, as he called them:—

On her beautiful face there are smiles of grace
That linger in beauty serene,
And there are no pimples encircling her dimples
As ever, as yet, I have seen.

The offence here, surely, lay in the prudential "as yet." And if the current mode displeased him he was frank to say so. Thus he cried:—

You are not masculine or neuter,
Neither of those genders;
Therefore, I'd advise you to
Pull off those suspenders.

This seems a little froward unless expounded by his note which says "It used to be the style for ladies to wear suspenders, or at least a good imitation of same."

I don't know whether it was this vein of rugged Hyrcan frankness, or dysentery and malaria, that cost Coogler so many sweethearts. Certainly, if his rhymes are veracious, they did seem to slip away. Even "Lassie," of whom he is precise to say they have bussed 500 times—

To kiss that lassie, I'll confess, 'twas then I did not loath,
For I was young and she was fair, so please excuse us both—

even Lassie, he admits, is now making hay in "some sweeter meadow." But, setting aside the long list of obits, I think we find a clue in the "pretty brown-eyed girl, in the month of August," who asked him "to write a poem for her while she reposed." Can we not imagine the scene: the warm South Carolina dusk, the vine-hung porch, the drowsy hum of insects, the distant clank of old Mammy washing dishes in the summer-kitchen, and the intolerable tedium of J. Gordon? She "reposes" and he, enchanted by this flattery (both astute and confiding) stands beside the hammock or rocking chair benumbed with doggerel. Not to this day, I expect, does Mr. Coogler realize why the nap lasted until it was time to go home.

Smooth-tempered fellow, he was never really annoyed unless his Muse was aspersed. The heroine of the enigmatic ballad *That Upper Western Room* probably was cold to some doleful iambics—

I hate that upper, western room
In which a cruel lady sat;
Ah, yes, I feel toward that room
As the mouse t'ward the hungry cat.

Oddly enough, after inauspicious beginning in this poem our friend very nearly

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crosses the shadow-line between tripe and real verse—

I hate the memory of those hands
That used to curl that raven hair;
Ah, yes, I hate it, for they moved
As if no other hands were fair.

He must have been really angry; this poem comes within a breath of saying something. And as for the cruel lady, I see her there, enjoying the sunset, and not unwarrantably fed up by her troubadour. But the most lucid ember of Coogler's indignation is *In Memorial.* He explains it: "To a young lady who sought publicity by attempting to belittle in public print a poem by the author, entitled *Beautiful Snow.*—She has never been heard from through the press since." Of the quatrain itself, only two lines are memorable; alas that their élan did not carry through—

She died after the beautiful snow had melted,
And was buried beneath the slush—

Here is one of the heroic torsos of American verse; a Venus without arms, a Victory without wings. Will not someone add the two lines it desiderates, and let it belong to the ages? . . . a tentative suggestion, to go on with—

But as my shoes were so thinly welted,
I staid indoors and said Tush.

The devotee of Coogler (there must still be some; the New York *Sun*, years ago, was his particular fugleman, joshing him with delightful serio-comic reviews, which he quite innocently reprinted in his books) will realize how few phases of his complex and morbid character are here mentioned. Coogler on Fallen Women would be a rewarding theme; Coogler on Perseverance also. He was pretty stern with his critics sometimes—

Oh, jealous heart that seeks to belittle
my gentle muse,
And blow your damnable bugle in
my lonely ears;
You'll lie some day in expressing your
recognition
Of this very song you disowned in
other years.

The appeal to Posterity is always a comfort, because none of us will be on hand to hear it sustained or denied. At any rate Coogler kept a stiff neck in his own generation—

You may as well try to change the
course
Of yonder sun
To north and south,
As to try to subdue by criticism
This heart of verse,
Or close this mouth.

This was the mouth which the New York *Sun*, in one of its engaging comments, described as follows:—

"Mr. J. Gordon Coogler has the eye of a falcon, the nose of a pelasgian, the mouth of a nightingale, the chin of a lark, and his jaw is melodious like a harp in flesh. His sentiments are as sound and his conjugations are as original as his lineaments are imposing. . . . J. Gordon Coogler has often been called the Sir Edward Arnold of Columbia."

Coogler was a godsend to editorial pages all over the country, a generation ago. He was self-made in more senses than one: not only did he, scorning the venal embrace of publishers, "conduct his Muse all the way from the frowning heights of Olympus to the tender clasp of a half-medium job press," but, as he several times mentions, he had the privilege of naming himself. Until he was fourteen his praenomina were left blank—he was simply "Coogler"; at that age he was allowed to choose his own. I have always thought that "J. Gordon" was probably assumed in memory of Byron; the lad supposing that George was spelt with a J. Internal evidence in the text suggests that he was born in 1869, and if, as I hope, he is still with us, let him be reminded that few poets have given more unintentional pleasure. He does much to reverse the condition of which he complains—

From early youth to the frost of age
Man's days have been a mixture
Of all that constitutes in life
A dark and gloomy picture.

I'm going to tell the editors of the new edition of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* that I think some Coogler should be included. He has always lived up to his motto "My style and my sentiments are MY OWN, purely original."

A Visit to Jules Verne

An inquiry in the Green, some time past, as to Jules Verne's visit to the U. S., has brought us the following letter:—

In 1904 while on the road up to Paris, and just five years after I had spent nearly a year in Paris at medical work so that my French was reasonably good, I stopped off at Amiens and spent a couple of hours with Jules Verne.

Jules told me all about his visit to America. I think he stayed with us altogether only about a week, some time about 1884. When they asked him what he wanted to see he said above all Niagara Falls, though he also wanted to get to the Fenimore Cooper region.

After a while Madame Verne, his second wife, as I recall it, came in, and she monopolized the conversation and I went around to the city hall to see Puvis de Chavannes' murals.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 146)

PHILIP FRENEAU.—
"TO A HONEY BEE."

Welcome! I hail you to my glass.
. . . . . .
Yet take not, oh! too deep a drink,
And in this ocean die;
Here bigger bees than you might
sink,
Even bees full six feet high.
Like Pharaoh, then, you would be
said
To perish in a sea of red.

Peopling the American Past

(*Continued from page 4*)

tation of personality. The writer shows, as satisfyingly as anyone in these volumes, how greatness of achievement grew out of greatness of soul, and he does better than Vasari in illustrating greatness of soul by apt anecdote and pungent quotation. Of course the longer essays are likely to be the more readable. With more room, the authors can escape the tyranny of fact, can place men in the proper frame of reference, and can rise to philosophical and pictorial presentation. Thus we have robustly vigorous sketches of Charles W. Eliot and William James by Ralph Barton Perry; of Lee by Douglas S. Freeman; and of Tom Paine (wittily done) by Crane Brinton. The handling of Mary Baker Eddy by Allen Johnson lacks nothing in forthrightness.

But taken in the mass, the shorter essays are the more valuable part of this Dictionary; and this for a self-evident reason. However valuable the essays on Washington and Lincoln, Emerson and Whitman, Grant and Lee may be, it must be remembered that the libraries are full of books on these men. Other books are constantly being added. No student is at a loss to obtain material on their lives, work, and ideas. Even of men of the second rank biographies are usually obtainable with little effort. In fact, the writing of biographies of outstanding national figures is perhaps the one phase of scholarly or semi-scholarly effort in this country that is overdone. But the lesser figures—the personages who give us some eighty names under Brown or Browne, some sixty-odd under Jones, some seventy under Johnson and Johnston, and a much larger number under Smith—have in two instances out of three been unjustly neglected. Any delver into the past often finds himself facing a blank void when he tries to give these names shape and character. What is more, he sometimes does not know even where to look for the names. These small lives have in the aggregate had great results. Their interrelation with great lives is frequently part of the primary stuff of history, and if we do not understand them we cannot truly understand Jefferson, Emerson, or Lincoln. Articles upon them usually have to be specially compiled from old newspaper files, old manuscript collections, local histories, volumes of memoirs, and specially-sought family records. If such articles are scamped, the Dictionary will lose much of its utility.

Happily, in this work they have seldom been scamped. In each of these twenty volumes scores, in some volumes even hundreds, of small men and women for the first time take their due place in our history. Many who were unknown save to specialists spring into existence for everybody who cares to look them up. Even the specialist will be surprised at new figures in his field. Their work is for the first time adequately out-

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lined. Often 750 or 1,000 words in these brief sketches has cost more labor than 5,000 words on a better known figure. In hundreds of instances we meet evidence that the writer, who received but a few dollars for his labor, searched out old manuscripts; in hundreds of others that he hunted up family survivors who held old records. The Dictionary has saved for us much historical material that would otherwise have been lost. One defect is to be noted in viewing these short sketches. The editors have not always insisted on full bibliographical information at the close for further research; and the inclusion of such information is important to students. It may often be the most important feature of a brief article. But the articles themselves are seldom perfunctory.

It is this huge array of second-rate people, each with some noteworthy relation to the general stream of the past, which gives these twenty volumes their richness. They populate the American scene. They illustrate its variety, energy, color, and scope as no history yet published begins to do. Take the letter W in the last two volumes. Under it appear the articles on Washington, Woodrow Wilson (excellently done by Charles Seymour), Noah and Daniel Webster, Walt Whitman, and other men familiar to every schoolboy. The careers of such men are in no danger of being forgotten or underrated. But the work of their alphabetical neighbors was all too likely to be overlooked. Here we meet Daniel B. Wesson, who was responsible for the Smith & Wesson revolver; Edward Noyes Westcott, whose "David Harum" sold more than a million copies; Joseph Wharton, the steel manufacturer, who did as much as anybody to fasten high tariffs on the unfortunate republic; Benjamin Ide Wheeler, who long governed the University of California in "somewhat dictatorial" fashion but gave way to a committee when the World War rendered him suspect of German leanings; Lewis Wetzel, the pioneer, who pioneer-like shot the good old Indian who released him from the stake; "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, who was in 200 engagements and 800 skirmishes (his own count) in the Civil War; Thomas W. White, founder of the *Southern Literary Messenger;* Lambert Wickes, naval officer, who cruised as daringly as John Paul Jones in British waters during the Revolution; and "Chevalier" Henry Wikoff, the great American dilettante of his time. The list might be duplicated three times over in any volume. Big men have often stood out spectacularly in front; but the host of lesser leaders really brought up the slow, steady march of society.

Till lately our histories have been primarily political. Probably no one can fully realize how absurdly inadequate such history is until he reads extensively in this Dictionary. Once he realizes it, he will never forget the impression. Probably, too, nobody can comprehend the vast scope, variety, and incessant mutability of American life until he goes through the volumes. Of all nations, the United States has been the richest in personal adventure, in displays of individual resourcefulness, and in fluctuations of personal fortune. Its national biography exhibits more of the unexpected than any other. The British Empire may be a close second, but it is second. We set out with this Dictionary, let us say, to look up Adoniram Judson, the Christianizer of Burma, whose life was one long adventure. We at once find ourselves halting over that other Judson whose pen-name was "Ned Buntline." He was a seaman, a soldier in the Seminole War, a fur-trader in the Yellowstone, a murderer and rowdy in Nashville, where a mob tried to lynch him, a leader in the Astor Place riots in New York, an organizer of the Know-Nothings, was indicted in St. Louis for riot, sergeant in the Civil War, was a hymn writer, the man who gave "Buffalo Bill" his name, author of hundreds of dime novels, and husband of four women. During his last years "he suffered from the numerous wounds received in campaigns and gun-scrapes, from several unexpected bullets, sciatica, and heart trouble, but remained cheerful and wrote steadily until his death."

We turn from John Paul Jones to a more gallant figure still, "Mother" Jones, who lost her husband and four children in the Memphis yellow-fever epidemic of 1867, lost all her property in the Chicago fire of 1871, and then began her real career as a labor agitator. Or we turn from the adventurous Frémont to the still more adventurous Edmund Fanning, the discoverer of Fanning Island and the first great promoter of South Sea trade; the first man to see the full possibilities in exchanging Pacific sealskins and sandalwood for Chinese goods; a director of more than seventy Pacific enterprises, until he died broken hearted because the government would not let him share in Wilkes's explorations. Or we turn from the gaudy career of L. B. Maxwell, whose Southwestern land-grant (1,715,000 acres) was the largest in the United States, to the still gaudier career of Henry Meiggs, who fled from California in 1854 owing $800,000, became the greatest railway builder in South America, built a $500,000 mansion in Santiago, and in 1870 celebrated the completion of one of his lines by a fortnight's party for the Peruvian president and two thousand other guests which cost $200,000.

The final requirement—the highest requirement—of a work like this is that it shall be organized and written with sufficient interpretive power to give us a new sense of the American character. Of conscious, studied interpretation there is naturally not a great deal. Yet there is some, and almost everywhere we meet with a real feeling for character, personal and national. The resourcefulness of Americans, the versatility of many figures in the pioneer and post-pioneer ages, come out strongly. Who would be more typically American than Eleazer Parmly (1797-1874), who was one of the founders of modern dentistry, and was also a lay preacher, a writer of verse, a hotelkeeper, and a realty speculator who finally became a millionaire? Or F. Hopkinson Smith (1838-1915), who built the Race Rock lighthouse, the Block Island breakwater, and the foundation of the Statue of Liberty; painted excellent pictures; and when past fifty began a new career as writer of novels? Or William Steinway (1835-96) who manufactured pianos; built Steinway Hall in London; and was also primarily responsible for the Steinway Tunnel under the East River? What could be more American than the long succession of figures who, diverted by misfortune or accident from one career, promptly made a success in another?—Hiram Maxim, who went into explosives when the typewriter and fountain pen ruined his "penmanship" business; C. J. Van Depoele, manufacturer of church furniture, who received three hundred patents in the electric railway field and became wealthy; E. R. Squibb, whose difficulties as ship's surgeon led him to become the principal drug manufacturer in the United States. Or what could be more American than the wealth of eccentricity revealed here? Every volume has its creatures like Abby Smith (1797-1898), who refused to pay taxes until she received a vote, and whose cows were so frequently sold by the sheriff that her sister wrote a book known even in Europe, "Abby Smith and Her Cows"; Charles Pinckney, who "honestly believed that he had virtually written the Federal Constitution"; and Jacob Osgood, religious enthusiast, who developed so powerful a curse that repeatedly persecutors were killed in accidents after he had threatened them with the wrath of God. Anyone who reads herein will exclaim with Isaac Bromley, the newspaper wit, "I like the American family."

In these twenty volumes, waiting to be organized and synthesized—and a one-volume index would provide a good start in this work—is more of our history than has ever before been written. Here, in fact, is more of our history than we previously dreamed that we had. Here is the richest exhibit yet made of the American character in action—a panorama ready for the novelist, the poet, the scenario writer, and the journalist to levy upon it. Here are materials which, as they gradually seep into the literary consciousness of America, and into its social consciousness, will change our attitude toward our national past; deepen our respect for our ancestors and ourselves; and by giving us a larger sense of the grandeur of the drama that has just begun on this great North American stage, alter for the better our demands from the present, and our hopes and expectations of the future.

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The New Books

Archeology

MITLA, TOWN OF THE SOULS. By Elsie Clews Parsons. University of Chicago Press. 1936. $4.

In attempting to present serious and detailed ethnological studies as popular books, the University of Chicago Press has bitten off more than it can chew. Getting off to a flying start with Redfield's "Tepoztlan" it has followed with a number of publications of the first importance to ethnologists but which could not be read with interest by a layman. Dr. Parsons's book is written with genuine feeling for the people of Mitla, a Zapotec town of southern Mexico. It is a very complete and well balanced ethnological study, and is not devoid of good writing. A person genuinely interested in the subject would read it with profit, but as in every work of this kind the scores of pages of important detail would completely defeat the general reader. As an attempt at making a straight, specific study interesting, it shows about how far one can go, and deserves commendation. The work would be more readable were it divided into a few more chapters.

O. La F.

Fiction

CITIES OF REFUGE. By Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $2.50.

While the younger generation of English novelists marks time, the older generation confesses itself to be very uneasy. The world in which the traditional novel flourished is cracking underfoot. Sir Philip Gibbs is in a state of considerable perplexity.

Has he not felt, beneath the foundations of the Athenæum Club and other civilized institutions, the rumblings of the earthquake? It is not a pleasant feeling; he would like to give it an artistic form, and it would be very interesting if he could. But, alas, he is not that kind of novelist. The design of his latest novel is merely bewildered. He traces the wanderings of a family of titled Russian refugees whom first revolution, then economic depression hunt from Sebastopol to Pera, and from Pera to Vienna, to Berlin, to New York, to England. He invites us, in a guarded and gentlemanly fashion, to contemplate the courage and dignity which accompany this sort of exile. And though one would have to be very narrow minded to assume that courage and dignity could *not* accompany it, none the less—is it because history itself has turned its eyes elsewhere?—it is extremely difficult to involve oneself any longer in the fate of a family of Russian refugees.

The theme itself—the creeping of an economic shadow from city to city across Europe and time—might produce an ironic and terrifying piece of writing. But Philip Gibbs is a sentimentalist, a word which excludes irony and clouds terror. His young Count Markov, who makes his living with a violin and loves a ballerina from afar, doesn't seem in the least real. What is real is a certain ingenuous contrast in his creator's mind. To Gibbs, Moscow is a cold hell which may—at some time, one can't be certain—possibly produce something. Meanwhile, in a New York party for a Grand Duchess, Prince Matchabelli dances, dances with such passion and innocence and courage! This latter scene, though brief, is the most vivid in the book, and it is difficult to resist the conclusion that Philip Gibbs has found there a symbol of something fine and permanent. Perhaps he is right. But the symbol is a difficult one to manage, to judge from "Cities of Refuge." It is centrifugal; literature flies from it, and disperses into nothing.

G. D.

Government

THE NEW DEAL: AN ANALYSIS AND APPRAISAL. By the Editors of The Economist (London). Knopf. 1937. $1.50.

As experts the editors of *The Economist* have produced a book on the New Deal which can be read with understanding only by experts. Simple as their language is, the compression necessary to present so large and complicated a subject within 150 pages makes the text difficult to follow. On the other hand the authority of the writers and the caution with which their judgments are expressed will inspire confidence. Perhaps they overestimate the advantage of a position "three thousand miles away from the heat of political partisanship." Critical and fair as their work is, it must be admitted that the same qualities were equally displayed in the briefer "Balance Sheet of the New Deal" published by the editors of *The New Republic* in June 1936, also in the more extended and much more readable book by Ernest K. Lindley entitled "Half Way with Roosevelt," which appeared late in the presidential campaign.

Of all the New Deal measures the editors of *The Economist* treat most severely "that extraordinary catch-all, the National Industrial Recovery Act," which they characterize as "more of a muddle than a policy." Evidently NIRA was too confused even for Britishers, often as they themselves have been charged with trying to "muddle through." On the other hand, what they say about the burden of our public debt affords no aid or comfort to the partisan orators who represented it during the recent campaign as breaking Uncle Sam's back. According to the editors of *The Economist* the total per capita debt of the United States is about £72 as compared with a per capita burden of £166 for the British National Debt alone. In a final summary they conclude that compared with Utopia the achievements of the New Deal are small; compared with the performances of other governments it comes out well; compared with the situation which confronted the United States in March 1933, it is a striking success.

R. C. B.

History

SCIENTIFIC INTERESTS IN THE OLD SOUTH. By Thomas Cary Johnson, Jr. Appleton-Century. 1936. $2.50.

This book is concerned with showing that the Southern people did not lack an interest in the natural sciences before the Civil War. Proof is offered in the form of what amounts to a sprawling catalogue of instances, good, bad, and indifferent. Without comparing Southern achievement with that of the North or of Europe during the same period, the author flings out angrily at Yankee historians who, he asserts, have maintained "that the Old South was intellectually dead and that after 1850 it began to stink." Yet his own grudging conclusion is that the South's "contributions to the world's knowledge were neither so numerous nor so important as one might have expected." Despite obvious limitations the volume represents a welcome foray into a new and what should be a rewarding type of Southern history.

A. M. S.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FIGURE AWAY *Phoebe Atwood Taylor* (Norton: $2.)	Efforts to ruin old Home Week at Billingsgate, culminating in 2 murders, enlist Asey Mayo, whose taste for jelly saves day.	Quaint and peppery Cape Codders, male and female, consid'able humor, and criminal, who for good reasons, almost outwits Asey.	Excellent
THE DOOR BETWEEN *Ellery Queen* (Stokes: $2.)	Lady novelist found dead with all evidence pointing to lovely girl. E. Queen extricates her from prison's yawning portals.	*Very* slick article, with numerous big scenes, an engagingly tough private dick sharing Queen laurels — and far-fetched "solution."	At your own risk
SEVEN SUSPECTS *Michael Innes* (Dodd Mead: $2.)	English college Pres. killed in study. Numerous suspect colleagues winnowed by Insp. Appleby (and clever undergraduates) with amazing results.	Closely knit, erudite, engagingly written, occasionally somnolent, but always interesting tale of great intellects gone murderously askew.	Very good

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Art of the Night

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE relative taste of the book-reading and theatre-going publics is frequently a matter for critical comment, chiefly at the expense of the latter. Assuming, as the critics in point arbitrarily do, that the two publics are separate and distinct entities, let us scrutinize the latest available statistics and determine just how much lower and more deplorable is the taste of the theatre public.

Three of the best-selling books recorded in the current weekly statistics are "Live Alone and Like It," by Marjorie Hillis, "Wake Up and Live," by Dorothea Brande, and "Around the World in Eleven Years," by Patience, Richard, and John Abbe. Three of the most successful plays in the same current week are "Hamlet," by William Shakespeare, "The Country Wife," by William Wycherley, and "Victoria Regina," by Laurence Housman.

"White Banners," by Lloyd C. Douglas, "Laughing Gas," by P. G. Wodehouse, and "The Kidnap Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine are enjoying a sale big and wide enough to cause them to be listed in the best-seller lists. In the theatre, "Tobacco Road," by the Messrs. Kirkland and Caldwell, is in its third New York year. "You Can't Take It With You," by the Messrs. Kaufman and Hart, funnier than anything Wodehouse ever wrote, is one of the theatre's smash hits, and "Black Limelight," a poor mystery play though every bit as good as the Van Dine mystery novel, has failed to enjoy the Van Dine book's success and is off to the storehouse.

Is "Boy Meets Girl," now in the second year of its run, not ten times more estimable from any conceivable critical point of view than "Harvard Has a Homicide," by Timothy Fuller, which is going like hot cakes—almost as big, indeed, as Douglas's "White Banners"—in Boston, in excessively cultured Boston, be God!, if we may trust the reports from the Old Corner Book Store, the De Wolfe Fiske Company, Lauriat's, Jordan's, White's, and the Personal Book Shops, all of that same Boston, be J. Suss! Are Franz Werfel, and Shakespeare as represented by "Othello," and Maxwell Anderson and "High Tor" a less reputable potential night's entertainment than Fannie Hurst and "Great Laughter," Della T. Lutes and "Country Kitchen," and Pat O'Donnell and "Green Margins," all in the best-selling book catalogue? And is even Dale Carnegie's "How To Win Friends and Influence People," published by Simon and Schuster, and apparently beginning to give Dorothea Brande and Walter B. Pitkin a pretty chase—is even Dale Carnegie's masterly masterpiece so immeasurably superior to Sherwood's "Idiot's Delight," that Pulitzer prize lulu, or to Bernstein's dull "Promise"?

The Kaufman-Ferber "Stage Door" isn't anything to bring up as evidence for the defense, it is true, but isn't it quite as critically endorsable as Miss Ferber's last novel, which like all her novels, had a large sale? Louis Verneuil's "Matrimony, Pfd." also is nothing to brag about, but is Doris Leslie's "Fair Company," which is beginning to make its appearance in the best-seller records?

But, I hear you say, why be so affectedly lowbrow; I can't possibly mean it. Believe me, folks, I do. And there is no being lowbrow about it. It makes good, sound, hard, critical sense. If you don't think so, satisfy yourself with a few more statistics on the general prefatory subject. Look back over the records of more recent years and conclude for your own highbrow self whether such sensationally outstanding theatrical successes as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "The Children's Hour," and even "Abie's Irish Rose" were less to the cultured taste than such sensationally outstanding best-sellers as Warwick Deeping's "Sorrell and Son," Margaret Ayer Barnes's "Years of Grace," and Dr. Pitkin's "Life Begins at Forty."

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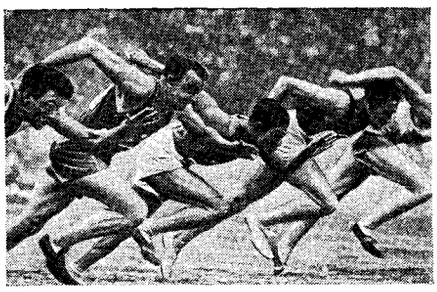

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT is a pleasure to review a new book by *Wallace Stevens*, though it is like pulling teeth to get any review copies of their books from the Alcestis Press. They seem to proceed upon the principle that the less known about them the better, except the price, which is always phenomenally high. Among the publishers of limited editions they rank well, and in this instance Vrest Orton has designed a book that is a joy to the eye. If ten dollars a copy seems a thought excessive, why, the printing is in two colors and the decorative initials have a chaste perfection. But what constitutes infinite riches in a little room is the poetry Mr. Stevens has written, which is contained within these paper covers and slip-case. (The Alcestis Press is at 170 Broadway, this city, and the title of this volume is "Owl's Clover.")

Wallace Stevens is our most pronounced stylist in American poetry, only excepting *Pound* and *Eliot*. He is anything but a great thinker, but he is a beautiful and scrupulous artist. He has recently evolved his own "Ideas of Order." But as he lives entirely in the realm of high imagination, his ideas gripe highly practical people like the communists rather excessively. Mr. Stanley Burnshaw took a crack at him for his rather anti-social position, and in the present book Mr. Burnshaw himself is used with reference to a public statue, a group of horses about which there is a great deal of musical, pictorially beautiful, and philosophically vague talk. To object to Wallace Stevens being Wallace Stevens, seems to me rather like objecting to a peacock being a peacock. You can kill all the peacocks, but you can't make them into turkeys. Mr. Stevens's mind deals with velleities that may well be unimportant—but who is to say that they are? You can appreciate his verse as you can appreciate the handling of color on a canvas by an accomplished painter. He is the nearest thing to a painter we have among the poets. He is also a rather old-fashioned esthete, but his phraseology is not old-fashioned. His phraseology has an almost edible freshness.

Yet it would be preposterous to dismiss Mr. Stevens as one without thought. A weight of meditation is in all these poems. He understands "the harridan self and ever-maladive fate," and Mankind is not going to escape these under any social system. He knows that poets "are never of the world in which they live"—though they're soon going to be made to wash their faces and hands and go to school and learn arithmetic.

Suppose the future fails.
If platitude and inspiration are alike
As evils, and if reason, fatuous fire,
Is only another egoist wearing a mask,
What man of folk-lore shall rebuild the world,
What lesser man shall measure sun and moon,
What super-animal dictate our fates?

But art creates its own form of order. "The sprawlers on the grass" looking at the statue,

See more than marble in their eyes, see more
Than the horses quivering to be gone, flashed through
With senses chiseled on bright stone. They see
The metropolitan of the mind, they feel
The central of the composition, in which
They live.

That seems to me to get at the profoundest satisfaction art can give in any age, under any dispensation. Tangentially, in these musings over his hypothetical statue, Mr. Stevens is saying a good deal about his own place and time. But the most important thing remains that in the presence of Mr. Stevens's language you realize that you are in the presence of poetry and of nothing else. In a day when the artist is beset from every side and wounded even in the house of his friends, it seems to me quite a slack-wire feat of Mr. Stevens so well to have maintained his equilibrium. But then he has always had a Chinese parasol to assist him!

In a preface to "The Russian Wonderland" (A Metrical Translation from the Russian of *Alexander Poushkin* by *Boris Brasol*. New York: The Paisley Press, Inc.) Professor Manning of Columbia tells us that none of Pushkin's great works has been more popular with the Russian people. I'm glad to hear it, because these are fairy tales pure and simple like the Baba-Yaga and Koschei the Deathless that I remember having impressed upon me in my own youth. Here are instead, "Coq d'Or," "The Tale of the Fisherman and the Fish," and "The Tale of the Czar Saltán." They are good stories, and they don't have to mean anything. In fact the middle one, a tale of simple greed, is the only one that proceeds in a straight line. The others are delightfully ornamented with the purely extraneous and preposterous. Of course the translation has the woodenness of almost all translations of poetry. With the exception of conveying well the highly repetitive (and monotonous) style of narration used in telling the last legend, there is not much to recommend Mr. Brasol's work save his literal faithfulness.

Both *Stephen Spender* and *Stephen Vincent Benét* have been inspired to poetry by the historical massacre of the Austrian Socialists, and now a younger poet, *Boris Todrin* (whose work was judged of great promise by the late *Edwin Arlington Robinson*), has written in "5 Days" another impressive poem on the subject. The book is subtitled "Austria: February 12th to 17th, 1934" and is published by the Black Cat Press of Chicago. In spite of one's feeling that Mr. Todrin is, at times, forcing his epithet, the fact remains that he lays his tongue to some singularly good expressions.

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Reviewing Reviews

SOME books are lucky. "February Hill," published without any special ballyhoo, might easily have been destined for the short life and meager audience of the average first novel. It caught the eye of John Chamberlain—alone among the first-line daily reviewers—and his *Times* review, the day after publication, introduced readers to its original comedy and its fantastic scandal. Nearly two weeks later Lewis Gannett, in the *Herald Tribune*, reviewed "February Hill," and quoted an enthusiastic letter from Robert Nathan, who said, "it's not a funny book; it's a beautiful book." Funny or beautiful, "February Hill" was made, and it deserved its luck.

These reminiscences are appropriate to the case of a recent novel which ought to appeal strongly to readers who enjoyed "February Hill," but which hasn't had enough luck yet. "All Brides Are Beautiful," by Thomas Bell, was published last October. It has, we understand, gone steadily and successfully, without competing for the best-seller lists; but there are a lot of people who would enjoy "All Brides Are Beautiful" and who don't seem to have heard of it. The reviews have been mostly favorable and often discerning, but there have been relatively few of them. The daily critics, for instance, seem one and all to have passed it up. "All Brides Are Beautiful" still needs more of the catalytic agent which reviews should supply to promote the reaction between a good book and the right readers.

On looking over the reviews of "All Brides Are Beautiful," it seems to this department that the emphasis has been misplaced. It has been treated as a realistic novel of life in the Bronx, which it is, and by the left wing as a proletarian novel, which it also is. But what distinguishes "All Brides Are Beautiful" is its subtlety and understanding in distilling the qualities of a happy marriage. The Bronx and the proletariat have been equally well delineated by other novelists; the relationship of Susan and Peter is Mr. Bell's own, and this relationship is the novel.

The *New York Sun* made this point very well. "Peter and Susan in their four-room flat in the Bronx are as romantically in love as any courtly pair in Camelot . . . and it is this element in the book which will probably commend it to a fairly wide audience." But this comes in the second column, after some 400 words on life in the Bronx. *The Nation*, on the other hand, in its unsleeping quest for the significant, said: "Essentially a simple love story, with the newer hard-boiled overtones, this novel takes on scope only through its background." Not all left-wing critics, however, mistook the personal for the trivial; as Granville Hicks wrote: "For almost the first time, what deserves to be called normal sexual life has been portrayed in detail in a novel, and portrayed with understanding, sympathy, and gusto. . . . The critic will find in the book evidence of the broadening of revolutionary literature and proof of its unlimited potentialities." (What the non-revolutionary critic sees

(*Continued on next page*)

"Perhaps not even in 'Main Street' is there a sharper satire on a section of American life than will be found here."—N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

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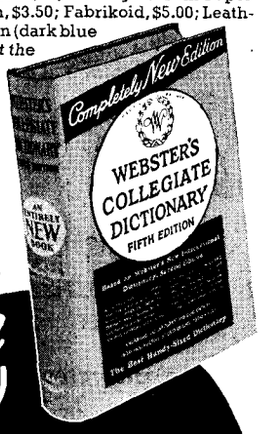

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The Editorial on page eight of this week's issue deals with a subject of vital interest to you. Be sure to read it. . . . .

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

IT took almost a month for the British press, occupied at the time with Mrs. Simpson, to get around to *The Saturday Review's* story on "The Mint" by A/c Ross (T. E. Lawrence.) The story broke in London on December 17, when the *Evening Standard* gave it a column and a half. We have just received from Mr. Stanley Went, of Putnam's London office, an envelope full of the English clippings on our "Mint" story, with his comments, from which we quote:

"On Friday (December 18th), the story was carried in one form or another by all the morning papers, even one of the tabloids, under a big black head, 'They ask £100,000,' announcing that a review of 'The Mint' had been published 'in a Washington periodical.' The *Times* had a dignified half-column from its New York correspondent; the *Daily Telegraph* a similar space 'from a special correspondent,' while the *Morning Post* relied on Reuter to the extent of a third of a column. The *Daily Express*, Lord Beaverbrook's paper, stable companion to the *Evening Standard*, ran the head, 'Lawrence Attacks R. A. F.'

"It was reserved for the *News Chronicle*, the only London morning newspaper of the first class which devotes its front page to news, to reprint the entire review 'by arrangement with the American *Saturday Review of Literature.*' The *News Chronicle* made the story its principal news feature, with a head right across the front page, 'A New Classic by Lawrence of Arabia.'

"No doubt the provincial press has carried Reuter's story widely, so that the enterprising scoop of *The Saturday Review* will have gone from Land's End to John O'Groats.'"

☞The *Evening Standard's* story, says Mr. Went, "told how *The Saturday Review* sent a man to Washington and how he waited there a year—and into my mind there flashed a gorgeous picture of old Doc Canby, disguised as a reporter, camping on the steps of the Library of Congress for twelve weary months, and Amy Loveman bringing him an occasional sandwich."

☞Nothing has pleased the Quercuses more than Miss Marion Dodd's (Hampshire Bookshop, Northampton, Mass.) outburst in honor of good old Thomas Fuller. ☞She reprints in a little pamphlet (you have Quercus's permission to write and ask her for one) one of Fuller's chapters in *The Holy State* (1642). ☞We remember that years ago, in an earlier incarnation, our colleague the Bowling Green used to reprint slabs of Fuller in his column. ☞Of Fuller, Miss Dodd says "He is a gift of God & is out of print;" but we know that the Oxford University Press has available a little volume of selections. ☞Only the very pleasantest people are likely to go Off the Deep End about Fuller, but if you ever get the bug it is a delicious embolism.

☞Our favorite letter this week was from a lady in Upstate N. Y. who says the local library feared to buy the biography of Amy Lowell because she was referred to as "the mistress of Sevenels."

☞Harrison Smith, late of Random House, has joined the editorial staff of Doubleday Doran with a special view to the encouragement of American writers. The Long Island Railroad hears with apprehension that authors will no longer need to go out to Country Life by train but can be received by Hal Smith in the office on Madison Avenue. ☞But a trip to Garden City to see the Sun Dial and the Evergreen Garden is still an experience. ☞We always enjoyed the story of the author who said he wanted to be buried in the Evergreen Garden. ☞By the way, after many postponements Burton Rascoe is said to have turned into Doubleday's the MS. of his autobiography *Before I Forget.* It covers the period from 1892 to 1932 "with a serious undertone beneath sallies of wit."

☞The annual luncheon of the National Association of Book Publishers will be held at the St. Regis on January 20. Bernard DeVoto will be toastmaster, introducing the four speakers, Carl Carmer, Stanley Walker, Will Cuppy, and John Mason Brown. (We're glad to see that Stanley Walker is going to meet the publishers—we hope to see him later in the season at some literary teas, along with those other habitués, Ogden Nash and Willa Cather.) At the annual meeting, preceding the luncheon, Morris Ernst will speak on the price maintenance situation, and Eugene Reynal will report on the results of the Times Book Fair.

Reviewing Reviews

(*Continued from preceding page*)

in Mr. Hicks's second sentence is evidence of the broadening of the communist's conception of revolutionary literature. You don't have to be a communist to enjoy "All Brides Are Beautiful," though you do, perhaps, have to be open-minded, in more senses than one.)

Every one to his own opinion. The *Times Book Review*, for instance, said that "Susan and Peter never became very real, but their predicament does." The *Sun*, quoted above, went on to say: "This is an appealing book, an earnest book, a book with humor and truth in it. One's chief complaint is that, in spots, there is a little too much of it . . . Susan and Peter, in their completely average way, are real persons." This department agrees with the *Sun*, including its complaint; the *SRL's* review, published November 7, said the same thing, and the last paragraph is worth reprinting: "The book lives. It's a tender, hard-boiled, humorous, romantic, intelligent story. And incidentally a very shrewd picture of why socialism gets recruits. It is unevenly written. There are too many people in it, and it should have been cut; but it is well handled, packed with pertinent detail, and wholly grown-up. A lot of people are going to find it shocking, and a whole lot more are going to be genuinely moved by it."

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The Compleat Collector

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In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

MILTON: PARADISE LOST AND PARADISE REGAINED. Introduction by W. R. Benét; illustrations by Carlotta Petrina. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1936.

FOR this issue of Milton's two poems, Mr. John Henry Nash has provided a monumental format, in folio. Mr. Nash's books have always been conceived and printed in an ample way, and with the use of first class materials throughout: one may at times have quarrelled with his way of using those materials, but the present book leaves no room for disagreement. The size is, to be sure, pretty large, but that is a matter of choice. But the very fine renaissance type, the soft, flexible paper, and the restriction of ornament to initial letters and some small blocks of italic in the Arguments, gives a mobility to the pages. The illustrations —one for the opening of each book—seem to me as remarkable as any which have appeared for a long time. They match the book in scale, and they are ample in conception and skilfully executed.

The binding does not seem to me quite so successful—the boards being a bit light, and the red batik too obstreperous.

Taking the book as a whole, it represents a very high level of accomplishment, and of its kind I doubt if it could have been produced by any other American printer: it has individuality, and of a distinguished sort.

An Early American Silversmith

JEREMIAH DUMMER, COLONIAL CRAFTSMAN AND MERCHANT, 1645-1713. By H. F. Clarke and H. W. Foote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936.

The name of Dummer is not unknown in the annals of Massachusetts, in education and politics and business and the crafts. Combining the latter two in a distinguished manner was Jeremiah Dummer (son of Richard who "fust sat down in Rocksbury"), whose career as a merchant and silversmith, and perhaps as a painter, is set forth in this volume.

The book is of uneven merit, owing partly to the fact that it has two authors who do not always agree on facts, partly to the not-too-brilliant style, and partly to the question of the Dummer portraits, which is controversial. There is an important listing of Dummer silver work which numbers some ninety-four examples carefully described; but the pieces in some notable collections are omitted, without explanation. On the vexed question of the portraits a novice can only suggest that the reader will have to form his own opinion.

The book has been issued in an edition of 225 numbered copies at fifteen dollars. There are twenty-three collotype plates of silver and paintings. Unfortunately the book lacks an index. It is a decent enough piece of printing, but hardly measures up to the standards of the Riverdale Press of the past, and as a "limited edition" it must stand on its contents and not on its manner.

A New Journal for Printers

Printers' magazines, since they reflect the current least common multiple in the practice of the craft, have never ranked very high in artistic merit—always excepting the lamented *Printing Art*, and some early numbers of *Arts et Métiers Graphiques*. The former has long since changed its nature; the latter is now unspeakably offensive in its printing. A new English periodical, *Typography*, promised something first-class in its handsome prospectus—but doesn't quite satisfy. Probably the fault is in the current irritable and irritating typographic mode. For some of the contents are quite worth while: Ellic Howe's article on Updike's "Printing Types," a heartening article on the possible decline in importance of the book jacket, and exam-

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Compleat Collector

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ples of newspaper headings, and new type faces. There is enough of sound British tradition in the magazine to just save it —especially if one compares it with anything else now being published.

The Kittredge Shakespeare

A new one-volume edition of Shakespeare's plays and poems has been issued by Ginn & Co., under the editorship of Prof. Kittredge. It is, inevitably, a bulky volume, but as one would expect from the house which issues it, well made. As becomes New England printing, there is a decency of format; the type is clear and large enough, the paper is thin and opaque, and the niceties of edition binding are observed. There is a glossary and Mr. Kittredge contributes a short introduction to each play. There is an excellent rendition in a colored wood engraving by Percy Grassby of the Droeshout portrait. The volume sells for six dollars, and for all of Shakespeare in one volume it would be hard to find its superior.

Cecil Aldin's Drawings

"Hunting Scenes," forty sketches of hunting, dogs and horses, is issued in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is a charming book, the pictures admirably printed in color by (apparently) the offset process, preserving all the softness of the originals. The pictures are bits of English scenery exquisitely rendered by a first-class draftsman. It is a book for all lovers of hunting.

Notes

THE KACHINAS ARE COMING, sixteen myths and tales of Pueblo origin, set forth by Gene Meany Hodge, and illustrated in color with eighteen drawings, will be published soon in sumptuous format by Steller Millar of Los Angeles. It will be printed by Bruce McCallister.

The first publication of the Alphabet Press (Edward Jenks) is a trim little pamphlet, Richard Curle's "Watching Birds with W. H. Hudson." Thirty-three copies have been struck off.

A catalogue of an exhibition of "Fine Books" has been choicely printed as a pamphlet by the Ward Ritchie Press in Los Angeles. There are sixteen admirable reproductions in collotype.

And, writing of exhibitions, the W. L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor has issued a small catalogue of a recent exhibition of books on fishes and reptiles.

"Harvard University Handbook" is a guide to the multiple activities and bewildering establishment of that great University. It is designed for actual use by visitors, and it is provided with index and end-paper maps of the Harvard area. If it lacks something of the completeness of the similar "Oxford Handbook" in the matter of historical detail and accounts of university life, it does furnish an extremely useful and well-arranged presentation of the physical aspects of Harvard. It is clearly printed, and contains a great number of fine illustrations of Harvard scenes. One would never suspect the chaos and turmoil of Harvard Square!

The Colophon begins its seventh year (the second in the new format) by adopting a cloth binding instead of the previous paper binding. The permanent nature of the *Colophon*, as a snug harbor for all kinds of miscellaneous bibliographical information, makes a lasting binding desirable. The current number is no exception to the standards which the editors have set. Perhaps its most interesting contribution (so to me at least) is an essay, with portrait, on Sebastian Cramoisy, the Paris printer of the Jesuit "Relations"—a little known figure. Another, on "Some Collectors in Colonial Massachusetts" brings together information on the early bibliophiles of the Bay Colony. Asa Fitch, Hans Breitmann, Miss Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square, Byron and John Peel and Richard Henry Dana and Captain Marryat make up the rest of the group. A very pleasant evening indeed can be spent in their company; they are all mildly civil to each other, and quite interesting in themselves. Cramoisy holds himself a bit apart, and I'm not sure all of the others would be welcome in extremely proper drawing rooms, but they are amusing and entertaining as any such group should be. More and more the *Colophon* makes a place for itself, and fills that place well.

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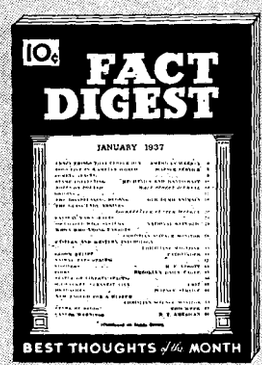

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Double-Crostics: No. 147

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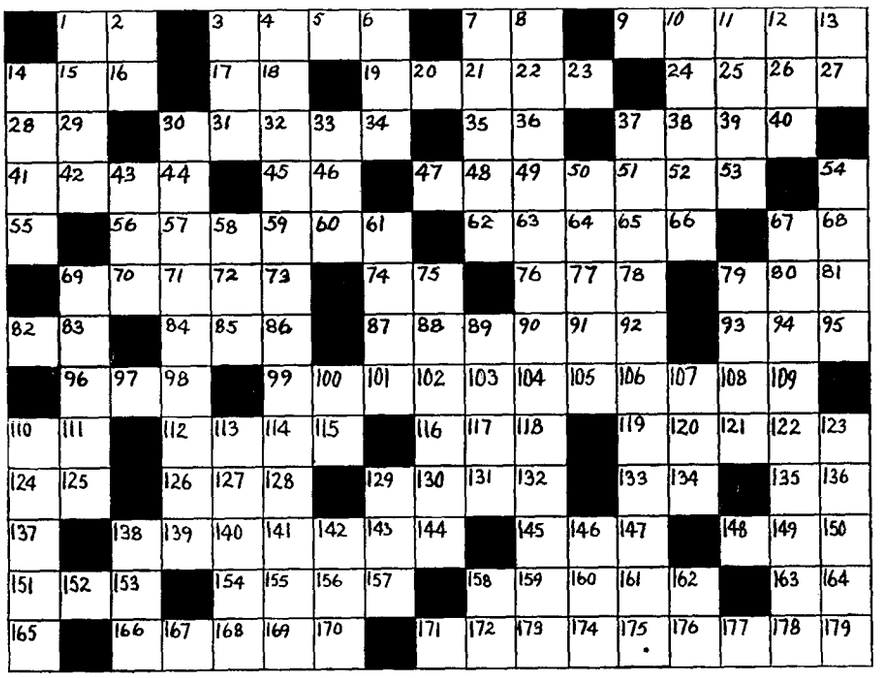

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

DEFINITIONS

I. Agitation from some occurrence.

II. The second Guna in Sankhya philosophy.

III. Sandy.

IV. To forestall.

V. Immediately.

VI. Surplus goods.

VII. Music drama by Wagner.

VIII. Copious.

IX. Greek comic dramatist (4th Cent. B.C.).

X. Remarkable.

XI. American educator and philosopher (1859—).

XII. Founder of Dartmouth College.

XIII. To misuse.

XIV. Cathedral in France (2 wds.).

XV. Gushes.

XVI. Game of cards played for stakes.

XVII. To outstrip.

XVIII. Novel by Scott.

XIX. Son of Noah.

XX. Poem by Tennyson.

XXI. Desecrated.

XXII. One invested with vicarious authority.

XXIII. Fastidious.

XXIV. Cunning.

XXV. Failing of success.

WORDS

54 24 108 6 129 51 157 34

98 69 138 89 29

126 118 111 43 135 67 21

78 165 39 145 127 33 36

70 174 61 170 155 28 32 13 88

17 103 75 95 38 11 130

26 164 104 22 90 49 46 151 86

99 80 166 93 136 58 178

77 146 112 102 8 37 149 134 72 41

48 63 87 171 30 139 105 177 12 144

147 14 110 162 55

74 76 15 82 122 114 148 91

156 16 45 42 23 81 40 25 59

83 96 154 137 143 53 121 56 65

92 158 117 179 71 169

159 124 85

27 175 19 73 140 107

35 94 116 128 66 163 68 161 115

62 160 125 31 100 132 20

133 60 142 5 131 109

7 172 120 57 50 123 113 1 47 153

141 2 79 152 176 44

64 167 173 9

106 168 3 18 97 150

101 4 119 10 52 84

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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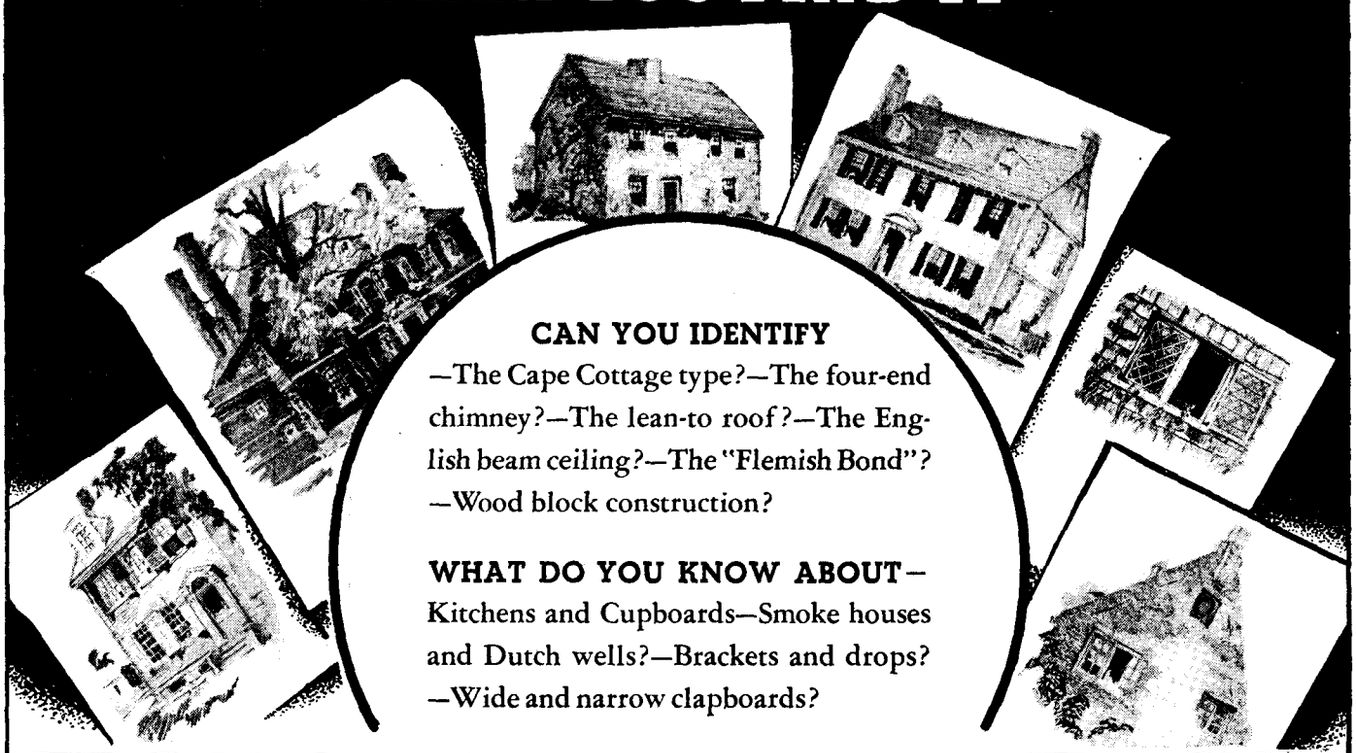

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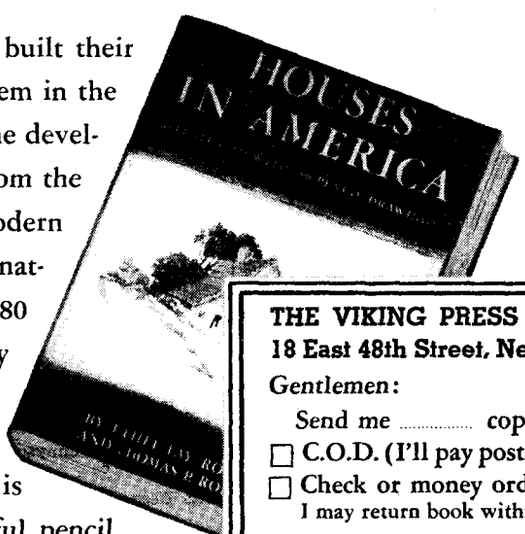

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